

Issue No. 3 • MAY/JUNE 1987 • 95p.

SLAMM

FILMS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

**NOW
BIGGER AND
BI-MONTHLY!**



**HE'S
BACK!**

**EVIL DEAD II
INTERVIEW**

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK PLUS THE FILMS OF DAVID
LYNCH AND MUCH MUCH MORE.....INSIDE



CLIVE'S JOURNALS

WELCOME and before going any further let me explain the price rise. It's quite simple really...you give me an extra 10p per issue and that's all there is to it. Seriously though the reason for the rise is that it seems I can now afford to bring SAMHAIN out on a bi-monthly basis which is what it started off as but then...oh just read the editorial in issue 2 which explains the brief stint as a quarterly. The point is you will now only have to wait two months for each issue which hopefully seems we'll also be able to be a bit more topical which brings us nicely to the reason this issue wasn't printed until mid-May instead of early May as planned.

As you will see on pages 5-7 we've got an interview with Sam Bates and Bruce Campbell which was very much a last minute thing. To put you in the picture it is now Sat on Monday 11. On Friday May 1 SAMHAIN was ready to go to the printers when I was told that Bates and Campbell would be in London during the following week so I wrote EPIL DENO II. A couple of friends, phone calls and I managed to get Kim Newman to supply as with an interview (for which I am eternally grateful to) and PMA Public Relations, who are handling the publicity for the film, to supply as with stills. The interview was conducted on Tuesday May 5 I received the stills on Friday May 8 and the interview the following morning. In about six hours time I should be taking the completed paper to the printers and the rest is out of my hands. Anyway I hope you think it's been worth the wait but I'm afraid you'll have to wait another two months for Michael Wesley's THE SHINING re-creation. Something had to go to make way for the interview and that was it.

As you will see on page 25 we've started a FREE collector's corner in which you can ask that elusive item (and from next issue you can sell them too) so use it. It's there for you. It's feasible that we could carry a similar service for pen pals as if you're interested let me know. In the mean time keep the letters coming in and if we continue to get enough artwork Sam's portrait gallery could become a regular feature although as artwork is paid please, just ask, as the former doesn't reproduce very well.

Also new this time is the start of an occasional series 'Forgotten but filed' in which Phil Gulliford will be looking at some movies shot of her probably won't have come across. Let us know what you think. incidentally Phil's wife is expecting a baby any day now so our best wishes go out to her.

Thank you time now and first off a big thanks to David Fitzgerald, one of the consistently anonymous at TSW, who was kind enough to dedicate a double horror double. Will they please to all readers of SAMHAIN (did any readers in the South West catch it?) David is currently working on a book about films shot in Devon and Cornwall and he's asked me to ask you if you know of any, other than the obvious ones like REVOLUTION, PINK FLOYD - THE WALL, MATHE etc. They don't have to be horror films, as long as they were shot (even if it was only a scene) in this part of the country. If anyone can help out I'll forward any letters I receive on to David.

Also a big thanks to Jean Pierre Patena, editor of the excellent French magazine NAO MONIES. If you don't read French (like me) then don't worry as there are enough annual pictures/poster reproductions to keep any horror fan happy and the good news is they've brought out a compatible mag. C'IMPACT which is every bit as good as MR. Jean Pierre has been enough to give me a plug in issue 43 of NAO. And an even bigger thanks go to Martin Cashead, editor of VIDEO - THE MAGAZINE who gave me a fantastic plug in a recent issue which resulted in a big boost in readership. Martin's obviously a SAMHAINIAN kind of guy as NAO is very horror film-orientated and if you haven't already seen a copy check it out. And of course I mustn't forget the horror fanzines SHERLOCK and PORCUPINE OF MARS, both of whom have been kind enough to give me a mention and you can catch their addresses on page 25.

So listen Big Bull this issue due to lack of space as I'll post sometime a quarter: The Dickhead planners who, in their wisdom, have decided that horror can do without us ABC cinema which is being pulled down next month to make way for more bloody offices leaving the city with just one three horror cinema. All I can say is I hope the cinema was built on a graveyard and that you forget to move the bodies. POSTER-GUYS!!! THE OFFICE SITE! I've got so many memories of that cinema, not all of them repeatable, but with cinema attendances apparently on the increase and with empty offices all over the city it seems ridiculous that they should be pulling the old place down. I believe the last film they are planning to show is CLUTTER which makes it even sadder!

Many of you requested subscriptions and others are on the way. Many of you look on the back page you'll see just what to do and you'll also notice that the subscription rates haven't been affected by the price rise on the cover so buy it direct from me and you still only pay 1p per issue inclusive of postage. Can't say fairer than that. Something else that there wasn't room for this issue is your pen names but keep them coming in and we'll compile a bumper one for next time around.

Finally, I do try to reply to everyone who writes, personally but especially when the deadline draws near, that's not always possible so please be patient (I've Johnson I promise I'll do your Michael Elisha take this week!). So that just about wraps up another issue. I'm off to bed and don't forget SAM 4 will be out in July. Until then take care.

John Gulliford



CLIVE BATES AND SAM BATES PROVIDE IN A COPY OF MYING INVESTIGATION



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No. 3

SAMHAIN

MAY/JUNE
1987

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S
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HELLO? GARDENERS' QUESTIONTIME?

WHAT?
... YES I KNOW I'M WHISPERING...
MR. HAIN... NO H.A.I.N.



RIGHT... I JUST WANT TO
KNOW IF IT'S POSSIBLE TO
RECTIFY THE EFFECTS
OF OVERFEEDING MY
POTPLANTS ON
BLOOD FISH AND BONE
...WHY?

WELL...
HOW CAN I
TUT THIS...



DON'T POKE YOUR GODDAM TONGUE
OUT AT ME WISEGUY!!...AND
IF THAT'S MORSE
FOR WHAT
I THINK IT IS



EDITOR, PUBLISHER, WRITER,
LAYOUT, TYPIST, GENERAL
DOGS-BOY AND MUCKER OF
CONTRIBUTORS:
John Gullidge

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Gordon Funglense
Philip Godfrey
Mark Buckley
John Martin
Eve Newman
Michael Slater
Michael Wesley

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS
David Chappell
Gordon Funglense
Richard Floyd-Walker

SAM HAIN (THE HOODED ONE),
CAPTIONS AND COVER ART:
TAN RICHARDS

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All correspondence should be addressed to John Gullidge, SAMHAIN, 19 Elm Grove Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon EX3 0DU.

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This issue is dedicated to my parents, for not only putting up with me, but for positively encouraging me, and to the memory of Patrick Troughton, my first and favourite Doctor.



HAPPY birthday to the big three. Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and Vincent Price all celebrate their birthdays this month, incredibly all three over a two day period. Peter Cushing will be 74 on May 25 a day before Vincent Price hits 75 and Chris Lee (the younger of the group) reaches the tender age of 65. A month later on June 20 we all remember Peter Love who is now sadly no longer with us but would have been celebrating his 83rd birthday.....

THE same feeling. You pick up a copy of the 37 times and more straight to the 14th year to see what's on and in and behold there's a horror movie on that was last shown a couple of years ago William Castle's **BUE** (1975) is a good example as it seems to crop up every other year on BBC but down here in the TSW region we've been taking it one step further. Scheduled for a screening on Friday May 15 is Hammer's 1958 **DRACULA**. What's so wrong with that you ask. Well nothing, it's a great film but it was shown on BBC a couple of months ago. How nerdy that's taking it a bit far. To show a film every two years is one thing but every two months.....

LOVE at SECOND SITE. **BLACULA** COMES TO HOLLYWOOD again stars George Hamilton and Susan St. James - hopefully Sean St. James' luck the blood of Mr. St. James' former co-star, Rick Nelson.....

Real-life sales which Laurie Cabot, in her capacity as spokesperson for the Mithras League of Public Awareness, visits George Miller's film **THE WITNESS** of EASTWICK based. on the grounds that it misrepresents the League's 500,000 practicing members. - Jerry Laurie, an opinion is that the film should be seen, a verdict we reached as the grounds of film scholarship, totally negated by the fact that the spouses of films are played by Cher, Susan Sarandon and Michelle Pfeiffer, wearing not a lot of clothes (Ash Nicholson's is it too). Laurie has also complained about the commercialization of the Festival of S&M-H&M (she should see what we've got planned for our October 31 issue) one whom we've heard that before! Just don't buy any Halloween masks off this woman.

WENT to become of Brian De Palma? Well his next feature will be a long screen version of TV's **THE UNTOUCHABLES** starring Gene Connors. But surprisingly the star mentions about the project: "For the first time he (De Palma) has really interesting characters that people are going to be interested in." He then goes on to say just where De Palma has been going wrong of late. "The problem I felt with De Palma's work before" said the former head "was that it was always a bit distant and you were just admiring all the sort of Hitchcockian elements and things." Well I hope **THE UNTOUCHABLES** is an improvement because, to my mind De Palma's never surpassed **CARRIE** and he made that over ten years and a lot of films ago.....

JANE '87 now **JANE** - THE ENJOYER and of course you first read about the film in **SAMHAIN**.....



AS video companies continue the nefarious practice of re-releasing films under different titles and mis-labelling packaged as new material, **SAMHAIN** will endeavor to warn its readers about what, for owners **SHOWN** in **NORTHEAST** and **THE CHILLING** to **RIGHT** of **THE ZOMBIES**. Hey, don't thank us, it's all part of the service.....

AVATAR are to release Michael Sorell's **AMANTIS** (formerly **STAGHEART** and, at the **Academy** festival). **BLACKY** **STRAIT**/**YOUNG** **DE** **SAM**, an homage to Sorell's **antennas**, **Barto** **Argento**. This **Sorell** guy got about a **hit**, he was second assistant director on **TECHNICAL** and **PHEDONA**, assistant director on **DEMONS**, and directed the documentary **DAVID** **ARISTOT**'s **WORLD** of **MONROE** (and just how long are we going to have to wait a serial episode to get a release?) **Ray** **Samborians** will probably be more familiar with his on account of his exploits in front of the camera - Sorell was the dude forced to watch his girlfriend poking her tits up in **CITY** of **THE LIVING DEAD**, just before **Feather** **Thorne** pulled his brains out. His face was eaten by pink blamergans from outer space in **ALIEN** **THREAT**. He got to wear a scary mask and look out complimentary tickets in **DEMONS**, till the good guys put him in the eye with a serial spike (he also appeared in the **File-which-a-File**). Is **Samborians** still found time to appear in **ATLANTIS** **INTERCEPTORS** and **Lamberto** **Bau's** **Just-released-in-the-UK** **A** **BLACK** **IN** **THE** **DEAD**, and tried to molest **Joanne** **Cassidy** in **PHEDONA**. This guy is a **SAMHAIN** **hall-of-fame** if ever I saw one.....

TWO long lost films of interest to **Samborians** on their way to video are **Wes** **Craven's** **SWAMP** **THING** (our chance to see if it's the **clunker** it's made out to be) and **George** **Romer's** **KNIGHTRIDERS** ("The **chivalric** **hick**! See **Tue** **Sund** act!")

GRAVEYARD **SHIFT** which you read about back in issue one and which has a poster as good as it's ad line ("Lots of people work the graveyard shift.....") **Ironman**, **extraneous**, **space**, **cash** drive **experts**. "I don't get a theatrical release over here but you can catch it on video via **Redbus** release it on video at the beginning of June....."

THE latest news on **Yule** **Hooper's** **TRAINS** **CRIMINAL** **MASSACRE** 2 is none-too encouraging it's afraid. Apparently **Gannon** took it to the **BBC** who took one look at it and didn't like what they saw. They returned it to **Gannon** telling them that if they made the cuts necessary to give the film as 18 certificate, there would be a film left so it looks as though it won't be released here however we will be reviewing it in the next issue!

BUSTER **Hoffman** and **Warren** **Betty** star in the new blockbuster **1978** but do they know that **Ishtar** is the name of the goddess in **Herschell** **Gordon** **Lewis'** **series** **BLOOD** **FEAST**? I think not.....

MARIO **Bianchi's** **classic** **BLOOD** **SUCKER** (1968) famed for its promotional black and white photography as rumored to be up for the **calvinistic** treatment by which black and white movies are, with the aid of an advanced computer, given colour.....

WALE **chevalier** **pig** **department**. These **admirers** of the **Amazon-like** **Sigourney** **Weaver**, who were disappointed that she didn't script for her **antagonist** **alien** **ALIENS** should dash out to see **HALF** **WOLF** **STREET** in which **Ms. Weaver's** **appar** **turns** **into** **a** **full** **wing**.....

WHILE we wait with **belated** **breath** for **James** **Hawthorn's** **series** on **BBC** **Channel** 4 are showing a series of four one-hour psychological mystery films under the heading **WHEN** **HEAVEN** **SLEEPS**. Inspired by a series of **gay** **teachings** entitled "Love Capabilities," each of the films portrays individual characters coming face to face with the supernatural. The first one (**FEAR** **DE** **THE** **BAKE**) transmitted on Sunday May 10, underlined the **disturb** **that** **violence** **begins** **violence** in the **face** of a **rough** and **rebellious** **youth** who is the **victim** of a **brutal** **childhood**. The second story, **OUT** **OF** **TIME**, is a **chilling** **tale** of **unfulfilled** **desires** **and** **is** **written** **Landon** **starring** **Susan** **Phillips** **and** **written** **by** **Ronald** **Fram**, a **SUMMER** **GHOST** **by** **Norris** **Pinagawed**, **tells** **of** **a** **young** **girl** **who**, **in** **order** **to** **attract** **the** **attention** **of** **her** **parents**, **makes** **up** **horrifying** **stories** **of** **ghosts** **and** **apparitions** **which** **return** **to** **haunt** **her** **in** **later** **life**. Finally **S.V.** **Phillips's** **THE** **SCAR** **tells** **of** **a** **young** **woman** **who** **tries** **to** **crack** **a** **legendary** **actor** **whose** **career** **ended** **in** **suicide** **following** **the** **death** **of** **a** **colleague**. But he finds himself having to defend the actor from the **spurious** **allegations** **of** **his** **crime**.....

MARY **Whitehouse**, **Winona** **Churchill** and **on** **are** **now** **having** **a** **go** **at** **magazines** **(chiefly** **Playboy)** **and** **comic** **and** **the** **famine** **scene**, **healthier** **now** **than** **it's** **ever** **been**, **say** **will** **come** **under** **attack** **It** **would** **be** **nice** **if** **girls** **like** **me** **could** **have** **some** **decent** **opposition** **this** **time** **out** **Any** **thoughts** **let** **us** **know**.....

WATCH **out** **for** - **THE** **MIRACLE** **AT** **BLOOD** **CIRQUE** (Horrer **Wrestling**!), **THE** **ARMED** **CLUB** (the great **Peter** **Cushing** **reviving** **his** **Sherrill** **Winters** **role** **though** **he'll** **have** **a** **go** **topping** **Jacques** **Watts**), **TOOLBOX** **NUMBERS** 21..... and if you're looking forward to that you'll be **settling** **yourself** **at** **the** **prospect** **of** **MANIAC** 2 (then again **Joe** **Spinell** **has** **been** **trying** **to** **raise** **fumes** **for** **this** **one** **for** **about** **15** **years**)... **THE** **BURNING** **OF** **AMANTIS** **SIGHT**, a **novelty** **to** **Paul** **Lynch's** **FROM** **BLACK**... **BRIDE** **OF** **THE** **BE-AMMATOR**, **CHIEFSMAN** 2, **HEAVY** **ABOUT** 2, **DEMONS** 5 **SECRETISTS** 0, **IT** 2, **TO** 2, **GHOSTWALKERS** 2, **CRIMINALS** 2, **CHARLIES** 2, **HOUSE** 2, **Larry** **Cohen's** **ISLAND** **OF** **THE** **ALONE**, **I** **WALKED** **WITH** **A** **ZOMBIE** (remake), **SENG** **DONG** **LIVES** (but you'll wish he hadn't), **LASTERLAST** 2, **PHENIX** **REARSHOTS**, **RETURN** **OF** **THE** **LIVING** **DEAD** 3, **Larry** **Cohen** **again** **with** **RETURN** **TO** **SALEN'S** **LOT** which apparently has not a lot to do with the original, **SPLASH** 2, a new **TALES** **FROM** **THE** **CRYPT**, **EXPERIMENT** 3, **WILLIOTT** **OF** **THE** **DEAD** - the fourth part of **Romer's** **trilogy**! Is nothing new.....

APPARENTLY **not** **as**.....**Robert** **Block** **to** **direct** **THE** **BATES** **HOTEL** (**PSYCHO** 4)... **More** **next** **time**.

SAM RAMI AND BRUCE CAMPBELL TALK EVIL DEAD II SAMHAIN

KIM NEWMAN INTERVIEWS THE DIRECTOR AND THE STAR OF THE EAGERLY-AWAITED "EVIL DEAD II."

NR: How many years ago was a small cabin in the woods of Tennessee something terrible happened. We filmed those events in the terrible days of 1980 and they became known as THE EVIL DEAD, and we hoped that they would never happen again...

SC: But...
NR: ...Something like happened in that small cabin in the woods and with my camera I recorded those events and we cut them together, as scary and horrible as they were, as frightening and terrifying as it was to look upon the film.

NR: It was a story we felt obliged to tell the world.
SC: We have that film, and we have the chemicals of that haunting experience, that terrifying moment in recent history, and we have called it EVIL DEAD II, and we hope that the audience will come and see it and enjoy the show.

NR: Do you see this as a comedy or a horror film?
SC: Sure!

NR: Well, the first EVIL DEAD offended some people, and so we decided that, rather than offend people - which wasn't our goal, really - we'd create a picture that was exciting, thrilling, scary and fun. And no time that we tried to do was remove those portions of the story that would be offensive and not just and up with something less than the first EVIL DEAD. We have we had to put something else in, so we decided to add more humor and have a better time of it at least. And so that was the trade-off that we made.

NR: We thought possibly if we did that we could get some crossover audience. People who might go and see NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET or something but would not go and see THE EVIL DEAD. We were trying to reach more people. Every filmmaker wants to get the world to come to the film.

NR: How are you doing that so far?
SC: It's doing well in the United States. It's not a runaway blockbuster but it's making money. It's been sold to Vestron Video in the States at a profit for \$10. It's been sold throughout most of the world and we've gotten very good critical reviews - for the most part, that is, there's always a few people that hate the picture.

NR: You got terrific reviews over here for the first one, but not as much in the States.

SC: It's not very much in debt to Palace Pictures, the British distributor of both EVIL DEAD films.

NR: I think they're in debt to you, as well...

SC: In fact, they owe me a lot of money, now you come to mention it.

NR: Call those guys!

SC: It was a mutually beneficial relationship.

NR: How were their first movie, and they've gone on to big things...

SC: We're just pleased they did so well with it.

NR: They handled the picture like a very special picture, which is really what it needed, while in the States they just more or less threw the picture into the theaters...

SC: They said "This is a horror movie..."

NR: But Palace came up with the unique advertising concept, and they brought me here to promote it personally and they spent some time and effort to generate some excitement about the picture before they released it. They took a little extra work, patience and planning, and I think it paid off for them. They really felt strongly about the picture in a positive way and tried to make the audience members feel that way before releasing the picture.

NR: It was a big success here on video when it was still legally available.

SC: They're going to re-release it on video.

NR: Is a recognizable few?

SC: I don't know. They may have to make some cuts in it, but it should nevertheless still pack a powerful punch. Some very unusual cuts I think.

NR: Did you follow the controversy?

SC: See how over for the trial!

NR: They had a court case in Leeds concerning the confiscation of THE EVIL DEAD on a quote "video tape" unquote, so I flew from Los Angeles to London, which is quite a trip - about eleven hours - took the train from London to Leeds, which is

NR: Eleven hours as well.

SC: Yeah, quite a trip. I walk into the courtroom, and I'm about to give my Captain First free speech routine, "What is freedom? Freedom is..." I was all set to really cut loose. I've seen MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON.

NR: You know how to filibuster?

SC: I was all set to deliver my freedom speech and be a big shot and save the case, yep some tears, and suddenly the judge said: "I'm sorry Mr. Rami, but it is not your intent in making the picture that is in question here but rather the picture itself, so your testimony will not be needed." So I got back on the train from Leeds to London and flew back from London to Los Angeles. It was quite an experience.

NR: We did follow it closely. It was certainly of interest to us that it would cause such a stir and be confiscated. In West Germany, they're still going through the Supreme Court to get it out.

NR: Censorship is a very frightening thing in my opinion. I would be very upset if in the United States they tried to ban my picture. They aren't allowed to ban pictures in the United States. It's illegal which is very nice. I'm thrilled that nobody can tell me I can't watch a movie, because I'm 27 years old and I'd hate it if someone with a particular set of values decided for me what I can and can't watch. The main crime is that there are so many injustices to be addressed that need so much attention, so many very important issues - child hunger, child abuse, crime - that in the existing government money on something like this is really the crime and I think those people should reconsider their viewpoints.

NR: Has EVIL DEAD II been passed over here?

SC: No.

NR: There was a cut, but it wasn't a pure thing, specifically...

SC: The government has decided that the audience will not see some things. They have already said the decision for England. One of the characters, after erroneously believing that Bruce Campbell has married their parents, kicks him in the face. They're determined that that is too much for people in England to see.

NR: But they don't mind the bit where the girl swallows the eyeball?

SC: It's a strange sort of criticism.

NR: Did you come to films from an academic background?

SC: I don't know. I certainly studied English literature and English history at Michigan State University. I'm quite a big fan of it. My films haven't quite reflected that.

NR: There is a historical sequence in EVIL DEAD II.

SC: Right. Ah, our lead character, to rocketed back through time to battle the Evil Dead of the middle ages, and we placed it in England because the warmest reception the first film has gotten from the cinema-goers...

NR: ...has been old mother England.

SC: THE EVIL DEAD was most warmly received here in Great Britain by reviewers such as yourself and that's why we had EVIL DEAD II and in Great Britain to bring the picture home for the craves that really seemed to like it. It's our way of saying thanks.

NR: And if they don't like it, we're going to take it back.

SC: But that was an EVIL DEAD III will be a British shot Robin Hood? Rights in American-type movie?

SC: We're currently planning on it. If EVIL DEAD II is well received, it has a very good story that we'd like to make. We just need a castle. It would be Bruce Campbell battling the Evil Dead with the English at his side. It should be a lot of fun. We might call it THE MEDIEVAL DEAD. Why not?

NR: Sooner or later Ash's chainsaw will run out of petrol.

SC: Essentially, but don't forget that the 1973 DeLco AM Oldsmobile came back with him, and there is quite a supply of gasoline in that automobile.

NR: There's grain alcohol.

SC: Ash might survive, he might not, it all depends on how wisely this picture is received.



BN: You certainly put your lead character through a lot. Is there any of ash left for further sequel?

BC: He's a wisser man now.

BN: Wisser, and a little more pissed.

BC: Perhaps a good day of rest, a bath and a full meal might help him out.

BN: He cut off his left arm, so now his right arm is left. We have been toying with the idea of the old screw-on hand set. There's the hook...

BN: ...and the tongue attachment.

BN: Are you planning on doing comedies as well as horror films?

BC: Yes.

BN: I'm a great admirer of CECIL B. DE MILE.

BC: Oh boy, well, that's three people then... It was a very strange picture. We do like comedies very much. Bruce is a very good comedic actor. A lot of the scenes he did in THE DEAD IF where his hands fall to the possession of evil spirits have somewhat of a comic about them. His hand is intent on killing him, and at one point breaks a great deal of crockery over his head. Bruce is then forced to slice his hand off. However, that doesn't seem to stop the little sucker...

BN: ...the little bugger...

BC: ...and he is continually tormented throughout the rest of the picture by that thing.

BN: Independently, before we made features, we made a lot of snappy comedies. They were fun to make and we both love the Three Stooges a lot. They were funny guys.

BN: The influence is obvious. How did you approach the ordeal of hanging plates over your head, cutting your head off, being kicked in the face, getting possessed by evil spirits, being strangled, tortured, beaten repeatedly and possibly abused?

BC: One day at a time. Not avoiding it when we were not shooting. Knowing that eleven weeks would eventually. Things like that. The movie lives so, so what you give it during that relatively short period in when you're stuck with. This being our third film, you learn from the first two. You know that in editing you've got to look at the same scene over and over again, and if it's poor or lackluster is say very, that's what you get because you can't have the luxury of going back and redoing a lot of things. You really have to know that though this might be embarrassing and you've bruised your face here and there, that unless it's a serious threat to you it's really beside the point. You have to make the movie as powerful as you can or as exciting as possible, and if it takes extra effort you really have to do it. I know Sam has to pull out all his assets when he's working on a picture and disregard everything else. Any crew member you talk to will say that shooting a picture is what they really love, but that it drags every ounce out of them. When they're not making pictures they're usually crawling the walls. It's a love-hate thing. I've learned from Sam that getting the effort into it means you get it back. You have the picture. That's your little gift. Every time the film is shown, you can go "Thank goodness I didn't wing out of doing this or that." Or else it becomes a nagging nightmare, and it's not worth it. I'd rather have the scratches, the bruises...

BN: Do you ever want to retract from the firing line, and give up acting so you can back a producer and not get hurt.

BC: Back to the future.

BN: You must have felt that way Bruce. Take in the talk, the back to the future, and the back to the future.



BN: I dunno. No, because when you cut the footage back and it doesn't work, then that's all right. There are times during the making of a take, or hanging there suspended from something while they're getting ready to shoot, you think about it, but you gotta really black that crap out or else you're doomed.

BN: You make extremely physical movies.

BC: I've got the modern-day Buster Keaton in Bruce, as I gotta take advantage of that.

BN: I think the audience really gets off on it, rather than have the main characters like fifties leading men. They were just good-looking guys with nice suits and big smiles. The modern-day hero can't get away with that. We came up with the idea here of making the character personally. I think it worked.

BN: Aren't you worried that if this turns out to be a long-running series you'll whistle your part away and end up as an Ash the basket case?

BC: I figure eventually Ash can just be an advisor after a while. He'll be a wheelchair, telling people how to deal with the situation.

BN: In that case, I won't ask you for advice. I'm gonna talk to the guy that's still got his legs.

BN: Do you appear in the films as well?

BC: Oh yes.

BN: Sam's voice is as the woodchuck a lot. And did you recognize the scurrier who says "Well he who comes from the skies to deliver us this day?" That was Sam.

BN: I always stick my ugly mug in front of the scene.

BC: He's a hamster. Sam the ham.

BN: I am.

BN: What are you planning on doing next? That's a boring question I'm required by law to ask.

BC: You took me much right? "What is your next project?"

BN: Well Bruce has a role in a new picture.

BC: It's called RAMBLER. I'm a good guy trying to stop a cop who has gone over the edge.

BN: He plays the hard-driving policeman. He's also been talking to Bill Bear, director of KNIGHT AND THE MONKHOODS, about a role in a new movie and I'm trying to get Bruce for a role in a movie that I'm trying to shoot. It's one of his anthology series that 20th Century-Fox is making called TALES OF THE MOON. It's a remake of the old picture. They have five different directors. Joel and Ethan Cohen (GOOD SIMPLE) are doing one, Spike Lee (SHUT IT) is doing one, David Byrne (THIS) is doing one, and one other director. It'll be a screwball comedy that Bruce will have some sort of role in...

BN: How did it go?

BC: ... and besides that I've been writing a thriller for Universal Pictures called DARK OF THE MOON and I've been producing a new horror movie called DARK OF THE MOON that I'm currently seeking financing for. It's always a battle to get these pictures financed and distributed, of course, so I'm in the first stage of warfare there. But most of the time I'm just writing.

BN: Do you have lots of unrealized projects?





SR: Yes I have like cathecia full.

SR: Do you plan on staying cheap and independent?

SR: Well independence has its advantages and disadvantages. It's very hard to get the money as an independent, and even harder to get the distribution. I'm planning to make one or two more independent pictures, and one or two pictures with studio financing. I like the creative freedom and control, but with some of the projects I want to go with the studios simply because I know I can get those done that way. More than anything, I want to be making movies. Ideally I want to be making movies where I have creative control, but lacking that I'll take just the ability to make them. I like staying in the stable of someone, which in my case is Detroit, Michigan, but I do have to go to Hollywood once in a while because there is the centre of distribution and finance for motion pictures.

SR: It's obvious you have a double act going.

SR: Bruce and I met in High School and we do a lot of bad jokes. We lived together for a while in an apartment, but the landlord said that unless we paid up our rent we'd be in the first bus out of town.

SR: He laughed and laughed and everyone in the bus thought we were crazy.

SR: Do you still think of yourselves as students messing around?

SR: I think so. Constantly messing around, and students who no longer study.

SR: Are you now faced with the prospect of having to grow up?

SR: God no.

SR: ...and make bigger Bergman movies?

SR: I'd like the talent to do that, maybe we would.

SR: He has never got physically hurt making an Ingmar Bergman movie.

SR: No, I'm a big fan, too. Our goal is not so much to touch the nature of humankind, but to thrill, entertain and uplift.

SR: You think there's no redeeming social value to your films?

SR: I don't think so. I think they probably do have redeeming social value.

SR: I have very strong feelings about the character of Ash. As silly as it is, I actually do. During the course of the film, he has only the right intentions - to stop whatever is going on - and he will take drastic measures, even if it means making himself to do it. So matter what you do to him, he will always, if humanly possible, stagger to his feet and try to do what's right.

SR: He does seem to do a lot of things that aren't humanly possible.

SR: That's the beauty of cinema. Ash is the little voice that says "Go ahead, get up, do it..."

SR: Apart from Ash, very few characters last very long...

SR: It's a very tough world, the world of the Evil Dead, a very hard reality to exist in.

SR: A lot of actors, being here by nature, love to die. Aaaaaaarrgh, you know? That's one of the most dramatic things. Sam was threatening to kill me off in the first EVIL DEAD. I said that's okay but please a good death scene, let me go down kicking and screaming.

SR: Bruce didn't start out as an actor. He was a musician. He played in four bands.

SR: I was thrown out of three of them. That's not true, actually. Stig-son was in my family.

SR: Is your family, they'd better.

SR: I seem to have seen this Marx Brothers movie...

SR: We think that EVIL DEAD II is a good film - Palace Pictures is distributing it, by the way...

SR: ...which we're pleased with...

SR: It opens June 26th.

SR: Apparently a very good release. 225 seats.

SR: That's every cinema in the country isn't it?

SR: It's about one fifth of them.

SR: It'll run and run.

SR: Any books you'd like to film?

SR: Yes, specifically THE SHINING because although I love Kubrick's picture, I still think there's a whole book he didn't make and it's my favourite King book. It involved me. Stephen King liking THE EVIL DEAD was a very big plus for it. He took my picture and put it spotlight on it. I've just starting to get into Clive Barker's stuff. I'll be very interested to see his picture. HELLRAISER. I like Clive Barker very much, except for the fact that he owes me five bucks.

SR: Five pounds.

SR: He probably doesn't remember. About two years ago, he borrowed five bucks - said he'd pay me back. Other than that he's a hell of a bridge player.

SR: Also, a cricket player. I believe.

SR: Any definitive statement for the world?

SR: Yes...yes...YES...

SR: The word is Jodelaga.

SR: I'd like the people of England to know that Robert Tapert, the producer of EVIL DEAD, Bruce Campbell, the star and producer, and myself, Sam Raimi, the director and co-writer, made EVIL DEAD II not to satisfy our own selfish interests - which we are usually busy satisfying - but rather to thrill the audience, to take them on a rollercoaster ride, to entertain them, to make them scream, cheer, so that they may have fun, so that they could bring a date to the show and have a whopping good time.

SR: The film is geared specifically for an audience.

SR: We tried to make it as different and unusual and wild as possible.

SR: We tried to tell a very good story that had a lot of shocks and scares and suspenseful moments and laughs and gore and blood and bones and bats and bugs and huge and heffo scares and a wider assortment of monsters.

SR: Just a warning. Do Not See The Picture Alone. They should bring someone with them. As many as possible. And there are some things they might catch the first time around, that maybe a second viewing will clear up.

SR: You want them to see it specifically in the first run theatres where ticket prices are higher?

SR: No, no, absolutely not...although the projection system is probably better there.

SR: The seats are more comfortable in the first run theatres. That's our statement.





BY MICHAEL SLATTERY

THE parallels between rock music and horror imagery are many and varied, and getting ever closer with videos one standard practice for a song - witness Michael Jackson's "Thriller," ZZ Top's "TV Dinner" or anything by Gary Numan. The man who has seen it, done it and been it all is Alice Cooper. His marriage of music and theater was, and remains, unyielding.

From the earliest beginnings, rock has gone hard as hard with horror imagery. The first major focus to connect the two was Screaming Jay Hawkins, a blues singer/saxman, all through the late 50's. Screaming Jay was ushered into concerts in a floating coffin, followed by such strutting around amongst his collection of skulls and shrunken heads. He is still active today, playing in clubs around America.

Next came the dubious delights of the Rolling Stones. They garnered an evil reputation with song titles like "Sympathy for the Devil," "Paint It Black" and "Let It Bleed," but preferred a sex and drugs lifestyle. The Devil featured prominently with subsequent artists. Black Sabbath opened early concerts with a fake occult ceremony. Blue Oyster Cult (an Alice support group) among others, followed in their wake. After the Alice Cooper Band split in 1974, the group also dressed themselves worthy to show into their shows. Their stage shows were indeed extravagant and fast-paced, but for British audiences, the music was just as much second-rate pop.

When punk eventually calmed down from its initial anarchy/destruction image and the bands fell into their respective slots, the influence began to emerge. The Stranglers' "Down in the Sewer," The Banshees' wonderful "My, My, My," "Video Baby" etc. and The Redskins' LP "Down in the Streets" with its Hammer-type blow machine showing the cover, to name but a few.

These days, the tradition is carried on by the countless heavy metal groups and their preoccupation with death - Hellwolves, Grave-diggers, Slayer, Bathory, Ozzy and the occasional left-over punk offerings like The Grays or Wendy O. Williams (Nagasaki). The second, theatrical corner is not dead either. Check out the wonderfully sleazy W.A.S.P. or the more professional Iron Maiden.

And then there was Alice. The son of a millionaire, he was born Vincent Damon Furnier on February 4, 1948. After incarnations as The Ravens and The Spiders, the Alice Cooper Band first gained recognition in the late 60's for being able to wacky a concert hall in minutes. Their attitude was one of complete opposition to the "peace, love and unity" of the hippies - sure of course hate and chaos. Frank Zappa ("Wreckless My Style" and others) found them, signed them, recorded two unsuccessful, unprofessional albums and dropped them in a blaze of bad publicity.

Alice had already acquired a -patience for shock by dressing and making up as a woman, and later bringing live chickens on stage. He was rumored to be biting their heads off and spitting blood at the audience. Although this was untrue, it was never denied - more publicity for the Alice Cooper machine.

So, as 1970 ticked around, Alice gained a new manager (Shep Gordon), a new producer (Bob Ezrin) and a new album "Love It to Death," a breakthrough for Alice and his band, the new producer created a tight sound, allowing Alice the full range of his vocal capabilities. They gained a massive chart success from the album, "I'm Eighteen" (for which Malcolm McLaren was said to have signed Sex Pistol Johnny Rotten whilst watching his wife on it). Also among the songs was a 54 minute opus, "The Ballad of Dwight Fry" dedicated to the disliking Hollywood genre actor (Hardfield is "Beverly" etc) who spent his last years in an insane asylum.

Many and numerous fuelled Alice's creative juices to bring out a succession of weird and wonderful albums, including "Billion Dollar Babies" and "Killer." By this time the stage show was becoming even more bizarre. Alice sang to a large box constructor (a permanent fixture throughout his career) he slipped up baby dolls and the band tied him up in a straight jacket. Then there were the rock castrators - the hanging of the electric chair and later, an early version of the guillotine, all played for massive shock effects.

The taboo-breaking lyrics, too, matched the anarchic stage show. We were given songs about death ("Killer"), masturbation ("Beats of Love"), parental negligence ("Dead Babies"), neurophilia ("I Love the Dead"), the occult ("Black Jags"), religion ("Willow Wee at Home"), devilish horror ("Unsatisfied Sweet"), incestuous ("Barry-Ann"), sick things ("Sick Things"), even James Bond ("Man With the Golden Gun").

In 1974 Alice actually disbanded the group, the remaining musicians forming Billion Dollar Babies and releasing two albums before fading into obscurity. Meanwhile, Alice's first foray into solo recordings was going well with "Welcome to my Nightmare" containing all his old quirkiness while leaving the heavier sound by the wayside. The album was a showcase for an Alice Cooper nightmare (no kidding), with the stage show becoming an Aladdin's cave of devils, demons, a giant cyborg and before-their-time video effects. To top it all, Vincent Price was brought in to add his dulcet tones to the record, with a soundtrack detailing the virtues of the black widow spider and her fatal bite.

The next album, "Alice Cooper goes to Hell" was just that, with Alice being condemned for his crimes to that hot place. He meets with the devil and negotiates his release, once again leaving the impression that it was all another nightmare. In the following years he mellowed out a little, settled down and released some covers, but still listened to his albums, including "From the Inside" the story of his incarceration with a drying out clinic (a mental asylum or the LP) for his sleazy addiction.



THE MAN WHOSE THE NAME'S NIGHT THE MAN WHOSE THE NAME'S

He was still writing horror-influenced material like "Tag, You're It!" a humorous story of a woman being stalked by a psychic, and "Fresh Blood" about a neighborhood vampire. He was also still writing about the unspeakable - as in "Face the Sun Anus" (Bavarian cartoon) and "Smother Her" (police brutality).

No stranger as claims, he appeared in **HIGH OF A MAD HOUSEHOLD**, SEINFELD, **SPYGLASS**'S **DAVID** **WANTS** **CLUB** **3000** and **ROCK**, and a TV special, "Welcome to My Nightmare" (with Vincent Price) and guested so many TV shows, including being a regular on "Hollywood Squares" for which he lost a lot of fans. He also sang "I am the Future" for the excellent teenage schoolies film **CLASS OF 1984**. His latest album features "He's Back (the Man Behind the Mask)" the title song from **FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 6 - JASON LIVES** with Jason himself appearing in the video for the song. Then, in 1994, Alice was offered the starring role in a Spanish horror film, **THE BUTCH**. It was promptly shelved until last year when, in coincidence with his world tour, it was released as video as **MONSTER** DVD.

The story concerns a rock star (Alice, who else?) and his friends when they drive out to a mysterious mansion he has just inhabited. Various plot interferences (TV) include a family history of lycanthropy, a pack of vicious wild dogs and a posse out for Alice's head, believing him to be a werewolf. The viewer is left with an "Aha ha... isn't he?" situation (he is). The film itself is pretty droll, very badly debased with some dodgy special effects but Alice manages to rise above it all and puts in a superb performance.

And as, towards the end of 1995, Alice came full circle with his "Constructors" album and "Nightmare Beyond" tour. Here was a mighty angst created with the aid of guitarist/vocalist Raze Edwards (ex-heavy metal group Raze) and, of course, Alice's inventive lyrics. The stage show borrowed heavily from previous tours with a couple of new tricks thrown in for good measure.

Once again Alice is condemned to hall/the actual apocal for his copious crimes - baby (dall) killing, wife beating and necrophilia - Alice leaves a corpse in his refrigerator. He is put in a strange jacket but escapes and struggles a huge. From here the new material is showcased with the exception of "Demonic Frankenstein." Alice reaches round the stage, collecting bits and pieces to construct a monster monster. Suddenly it erupts to life and shuffles round to the pounding music, heading for its creator. After flopping Alice, the monster returns to its stasis and it only remains for Alice to deconstruct his creation.

With all this added to his list of crimes he is caught and sentenced to death, paving the way for the ultimate horror, a huge

gallowhouse is brought on stage by his demons while the repeating Alice is placed on the block. "We have total realism now, even the head twitches when the blade comes down" said Alice in an interview. Apparently the blade was made of solid steel and checked every eight feet in case the real Alice's head was crushed. After the execution has passed the bloody head in front of the audience, everything darkness. Suddenly, Alice appears in top hat and tails for a passing encore of his biggest hits, "Reborn's Out," "Electra" and "Under my Wheels," repeating once again to the audience theme. The audience is left feeling that they have been watching a true legend and once their very own live video entry.

Alice Cooper has always been happy with his horror image and he can still charm an audience with his sinister presence. Long may he continue to do so.

ALBUMS

- 1969 PRETTIES FOR YOU
- 1970 EASY ACTION
- 1971 LOVE IT TO DEATH
- 1971 KILLER
- 1972 SCHOOL' OUT
- 1973 BULLION DOLLAR BABIES
- 1973 SCHOOL DAYS (reissue of first two albums as a double album)
- 1974 MURDER OF LOVE
- 1975 ALICE COOPER'S GREATEST HITS
- 1975 WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE
- 1976 ALICE COOPER GOES TO HELL
- 1977 LACE AND WHISKY
- 1978 THE ALICE COOPER SHOW (live)
- 1978 FROM THE CRUCIFIX
- 1980 FLAME AND FATHOM
- 1982 ZIPPER CHECKED SKIN
- 1983 24-24
- 1986 CONSTRUCTORS



POLICE 55

They won't let you see them but you can read about them in the pages of **SAMBAIN!** Continuing our regular look at the notorious nasties on Scotland Yard's hit list we come to **THE BOGEY MAN** and **THE BURNING**. It's finger-snippin' good!

THE BOGEY MAN (U.S. - THE BOGEY MAN)
1980 84 minutes Video

BOGEY MAN director Ulli Lommel was a protégé of the highly-respected Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and made the critically-acclaimed **TEMBERNESS OF THE WAVES** (1974) - this tenderness was the sort that you would be well-advised not to try a little of, the film being a study of a Bascom-type peasant and vampire. Perhaps this was indicative of the disease mentality that was to surface later.

The shade was really under Lommel's career when he went to America to make **BLAZE CONFESSION** and **COCKING KNOTS** for Andy Warhol. Not surprisingly, his stint at The Factory kindled in him a desire to do something more energetic, exciting and commercial. Virtually anything would be a step up from a Warhol film in these departments, but for Lommel this meant the short step from the fringe of art into full-blown exploitation cinema. His first offering in this vein was **THE SCORPIONVILLE TERROR** starring Donald Pleasence, as these things often do. It's a story of a vengeful backstabber against "Parasiteness." Gosh, just imagine that as folk!

THE BOGEY MAN sees Lommel joining the rush to cash in on John Carpenter's **HOLLOWEEN** (the most lucrative independent film of all time). The film opens with familiar-seeming tinkling music as Lommel's camera prowls around a familiar-looking house, inside of which squalid stuff is going on.

The shade develops upon her wife Willy and Lacey (but not the camera crew) peering through the window, as her lower chestnuts Willy **WOMIE** **SHARPS** style, bring him spread-eagled to a four poster bed. Freed by his sister, Willy grabs his tormentor to death with a carving knife. So far so good, but from here on the **HOLLOWEEN** story is reversed - it's

the victim who becomes The Bogey Man, because not only does he like to roll stockings over his head, he's supernatural into the bargain. O.K., so Michael Myers can get up as if a Jew after being stabbed in the eye with a switchblade - can he live in a mirror?

Two dozen later, Lacey and Willy (in matching suits) are haunted by the traumatic events of that night. Lacey's husband Jake takes her to an eerily perceptive John Carandine. Guter hypnosis, she spits, curses and threatens then is the voice of The Bogey Man (a combination of **HOLLOWEEN** and **THE EXORCIST** - one's wise, right? Wrong!) Carandine prescribes a visit to the house where the killing took place, as Jake drives the reluctant Lacey out there, leaving Willy to muck out the bars. While he's doing it, the film flirt tries some body language on him. "I think it's once that you can't talk" is his sensitive chest-up line. "It makes you different from all the other boys." Not surprisingly, Willy reacts by lifting her against the barn wall and half throttling her. Concluding that a mirror was inflicting him during this violent outburst, Willy goes around the house pinning all the mirrors black. The old house is inhabited by a bunch of kids who don't seem to see or all when a couple of wiretaps roll up and start "talking around."

"Did you grow up on this farm?" asks one of the kids. "No, I'm a police-man" replies Jake - surely one of the grantees on-magistrates of all time. When Lacey enters the room where the dirty deed was done she sees The Bogey Man in the mirror, and smashes it.

Shit-faced, Jake takes Lacey home but not before he has collected the broken bits of mirror in a bag. The kids agree they not only is breaking a mirror bad luck, but it also forces everything the mirror has ever seen, a shard of glass starts glowing red as a heart beat appears on the soundtrack. One of the girls retreats to the bathroom to get ready for a night of parties with her boyfriend. Psychos, even corporeal ones, always seem to get aroused by teenage sex, and the kids are wiped out in the end of the most ludicrous "designer deaths" you'll ever see - the boy clatters on the side of the house only to be paralysed in a window frame, one of his sisters is strangled by a pair of scissors, the other battered by a cabinet door that snaps open by the power of the occult.

John re-assembles the mirror back home, with the inevitable result that characters are soon being dis-bashed by pinpoints. Lacey gets away from all this by taking her adolescent child fishing. As he sails his boat off the pier we see a shard of glass stuck in the side of his boat, and reflected light plays on the other side of the bay where some frisky teens are having a barbecue as a prelude to heavy petting. What happens next is definite proof that a wireviewer named into the back of the head and exiting through the mouth is an insal-

while old to prelude French kissing.

In the alleged climax Lacey has her blouse ripped off, DUTTY-style then in a shower of glass pieces her eye as the mirror between the house is red and green light, and dead characters fall out of every cupboard. Top, the house is rocking with domestic problems. Lacey, whose double-glazed expression no-one has noticed yet, is conclusively dating the dishes. Jake outside her "Lacey - Barakat and Helen are dead." "Well that'll be two less for supper" who coolly replies (that spots some more Roger-talk). The door falls in and a priest appears, holding a huge crucifix. As he attempts to push the glass from her eye (a biblical parallel, right?), someone off camera pours raspberry sauce over his bald patch (this memorable spectacle providing the peak shot). As the raspberry sauce reaches anarcastion point he picks the glass out and staggers over, revealing the contents of the knife and fork drawer embedded in his back. He didn't actually see this happening, maybe the SFX was on his lunch break - but Dave's ripped off everything else, so why not Cabaret? Feeling enough is enough. The survivors throw the mirror down a well, from which a fireball rises into the sky, and the house roges during the superimposition of a disco.

Willly regains the power of speech during this ordeal (i.e. he starts screaming his head off). The final scene involves Lacey and Willy looking forward to a bright future, but to no-one's great surprise the last thing we see is a glowing piece of mirror. ROGER MAM 2? You betche. The original of the near bug books (relative to the \$300,000 budget and quick shoot) for the ubiquitous Jerry Green organization. Lame! beatified over making a sequel ("The fear of exploding spirit") but "This one day some financiers came to see me and said 'there's half a million dollars. We don't care what you do, just make sure it's called ROGER MAM 1'."

Only it isn't. It's called **ROBERT OF THE ROGER MAM (1982)**. According to Lame!, it's autobiographical: a Hollywood producer is making a film about The Roger Mam and throws a party with pieces of that mirror as the centre piece - "It is during these festivities that The Roger Mam takes his reappearance and kills everyone" (not beating about the bush eh?) "...I love the central idea of The Roger Mam not waiting to be exploited." Lame! is keen not to exploit himself, not to have his backside exploited, but doesn't seem as fussy about exploiting the public: **THE REVENGE OF THE ROGER MAM** shamelessly re-uses footage from the first film (the which means **REVENGE** also ended up on the "Masturbate" list) - what he earth did they spend half a million on?

The ROGER MAM films are the work of a director with a certain amount of talent who, noticing how far he has slipped, can't be bothered any more. He is writing better-than-average home movies - Lame! even casts his family (under the aliases Suzanne and Nicholas Lame!). No action (save the world of a sick, sexy American TV movie, **FRANK-MURK**), surely confined the impression of cynical conspiracy.

THE MOST TERRIFYING NIGHTMARE OF CHILDHOOD IS ABOUT TO RETURN!



The BOOGEY MAN

THE BURNING
ASA P. WOODS, THORN-EMI

THORN-EMI must have been thinking "Why us, Lord?" Though billed as "The most frightening of the serial films," **THE BURNING** is an idiotic example of the "teen cinema in peril" sub-genre spawned by the success of **FRIDAY THE 13TH** (1980) and it seems rather arbitrary for Scotland Yard to have stepped in to fix business on their official "Video Nasties" list. The whole (and some pre-noble) shifty happens are rather less attractive than their cousins over at Camp Crystal Lake, but their activities are the same (those who argue that the teenagers in these things are unbelievable as characters because they are only interested in sex and drugs must mix with a better class of teenager than the ones I read) and if anything they are even more reckless about roaming around in the woods late at night.

The production values are slightly lower than in Jason's slaughter-fests (Rick Wakeman's score sounds like it's being pumped out on a woolsie organ - give us The Goblinus anyway) but one thing that **THE BURNING** does share with **FRIDAY THE 13TH** is the make-up efforts of The Savini, who took this job on preference to **FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 2** because, he says, that film's out-of-work acrylism and courtship put his off - "Especially the idea that Jason was alive

in some locker for all that time" One who also offered better money of course, and presumably it was a similar consideration that allowed him to overcome his philosophical objections and go to work on **FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 2**. In fact, says Mr. Savini, **THE BURNING** and **FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 2** are virtually interchangeable, though the credits, which list an unbelievably sensitive crew, insist that it took three people to write that two to make a screenplay of what they see fit to describe as the "Original story."

In the pre-title sequence the sluggish camera of Camp Blackdown set out to snare their obnoxious character Cruepy with a veneer-ridden snail scuttling a candle (readily available at all good stores or if too timid is working for you). Unfortunately the gag results in Cruepy's head catching fire and he becomes a human torch, leaping hot from little Lake Blackdown to write that two to make a screenplay of what they see fit to describe as the "Original story."

To no-one's great surprise, "Five years later" Cruepy is smothered with some smog advice - "I know you resent these kids, but try not to hate anyone. After five years cooped up in intensive care as a young Cruepy monster's chocolate tort that you'd expect them to hate to, so he slips off to the local red light area for a quickie. Even a prostitute gets a headache when she checks out Cruepy's charmed visage, and when he preens his suit she succumbs to a fit of bad acting (she's not the only one - even by the standards of this sub-genre the acting is appalling). Baraged, Cruepy scales her way down the stairs, looking the ordinary. Reaching his five year vacation, he highlights it to the nearest Sumner, Camp, and Screamer.

There's a veritable shower of red herrings as we are introduced to the campers - the girls appear over the state of their relationship while girls-appeal and condoms are delivered to the boy's hut; boys are peppered with backshots, and said such masturbation with the girls are referred to as "Prime sex" (see first, how true!) then Cruepy's the case, spraying off girls in the shower - which could be a Hitchcock joke (Have you ever noticed how the girls in these things seem to spend forever soaping the breasts but never wash her lower down? Not an ideal recipe for personal hygiene, I would have thought).

Next up is the camping sequence you'll know off by heart if you grew up **FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 2**. Todd the lousy early camper, snatches the new kids with the story of Cruepy, stalking the woods with a pair of shears (turns out to be a good guess!) "He's out there watching...waiting. So don't look - he'll see you. Don't breathe - he'll hear you. Don't move...DON'T BE DEAD!" at which point some insect stills might jump out of the bushes to give them a scare.

It's not till the kids go on a second trip that the message really hit up for goodnatured Cruepy (accrues the "Nasty-and-mild" rule somewhat broadly, for the first static lacks out of sex in the creek and still endures a REI tractancy as she searches for her hatpins, blood gurgling out over her breasts. The kids walk away smiling to find that the cameras are missing on, 4th, 4th, 4th, 4th, they improve a raft and set off back to camp.

One of the campers drifts away, but when she paddle over to it as jumps Cruepy, brandishing shears. With a dazzling display of dexterous hand-saw he stabs blades, slashes throats, plaves breasts and crops the fingers off a guy who raises his hands in a protective posture. It was the latter operation that prompted the police to bust the tape ("We caught a red-handed 'kill'"), which in turn caused them to recall **THE BURNING** and get out their own shears, re-loading a certain seven seconds shorter. But, however of course, they managed to return to the shops many copies with the offending seven seconds intact, so **THE BURNING** was withdrawn all over again.

In the aftermath of this stance Thorn-EMI got the juveniles and started censoring their product left, right and centre, including **SPIDERMAN**, a particularly brutal carve-up of **BLOODED 3 SEASONS OF THE VICTOR**, even **SPIDERMAN** in the again, they forced better than **VIDEO**, whose **SPIDERMAN** FLESH EATERS was unacceptable to Scotland Yard in either version. Inconceivably you can still give the censors the finger - if you're handy with the freeze-frame you'll get a couple of frames of digits flying through the air.

Back at Camp Screamer the discovery of the wrecked raft, a floating one and flagless corpse popping up in people's faces leads to another outbreak of bad acting ("This is no trick - just look at those kids!") Elsewhere copulating teenagers are violently slaughtered in their sleeping-bags and planned to trees with shears through their throats (c.f. Barry Green's **FRIDAY THE 13TH**). Cruepy's victim is a lady-slaying diseased skin, in which the sicko-horror climax takes place. Todd charges to the rescue, and a flashback reveals that "Young Todd" was one of the preachers who set off this whole unlikely chain of events in the first place. Well slap my face! Who cares? Cruepy does, and with a fine sense of poetic justice he goes after Todd with an eye-accident burner, leaving the viewer to wonder certain questions, e.g. "Why did he bother to murder Cruepy before he took on Todd's moment?" Even more perplexing, how did Todd get a job as a camp councillor when a mere five years earlier he had been responsible for brooding a camp caretaker?

Things are looking bad for Todd, but Alfred proves himself a snail at the crucial moment, baring the reins in Cruepy's snail. He fails as he finally dies, and finally gains a 50 cent penalty point on the 100 cent bag as Alfred and Todd leave arm-in-arm, Cruepy runs for another go. As he in the face makes his comeback a short Ann, and for good measure they set fire to his again.

The film closes with a reprise of the firestorm scene (well clean as parental) but any frisson of terror that this might have generated is nullified by the fact that the scene is acting as a prelude to a credit scene in which the film differs from **FRIDAY THE 13TH** in that it never spawned a **BURNING 2,3,4,5**, etc. of course. Don't that a shame?

NEXT ISSUE: CONTAMINATION AND DEAD AND BURIED



PART TWO OF JOHN MARTIN'S INTERVIEW WITH RAMSEY CAMPBELL, CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

You've talked very candidly about your inner-teenager childhood - I wonder if that was the underlying force behind your mortality, an attempt to reach out that way.

I suppose it must have been in a way but I must admit that that's the part of the process I've never been very clear about. As you say, certainly my childhood was spent in a fairly odd state...

You seem to use the word "faint" when you talk about it.

Yes, "faint" is a sort of unconscious state. However, I might feel and I had to go up to bed, I lay awake, waiting to hear my father - when I never actually met for 20 years - come up the stairs, to be sure that he wasn't going to open the door at my bedroom and come in. He was just "The presence on the other side of the door," the footsteps heard in the night, and it seems curious, in a way, that having been deeply frightened by Victorian ghost stories when I was five or six, specifically "The Princess and the Goblin," the George MacDonald novel, that I then got on to the adult ghost story almost immediately - because that was putting me through another tunnel again, and I would like to be remembering scenes from M.R. James' "The White Ship" and "I'll Come to You at Last" - which is not the best thing to put you to sleep when you are seven years old. I suppose that by beginning to write then I was making that such more controllable. I suppose that's almost inevitably true and as I began to write, the angle of the process became that much less apocalyptic. I could see... not actually hear it written, because at that age you can't see how it works, but I suppose at least if you are able to tell stories, you are able to cope with the magical properties of other people's stories and I think that's what happened. It doesn't explain why I should seek out the experience of being terrified by fiction to begin with, and I can only hypothesize that the experience of the stories was sufficient to allow me to feel the terror that it put me through, that I could take time if something larger than myself that was in some way beneficial. I can't even say that they were terrors that I could put away by closing the pages of the book, that they were as different from my childhood, because it really wasn't true that they did go away when I closed the pages. I mean you wish that maybe, I don't see why I should be the only one to suffer from it.

Well, I've been pretty strong out myself at times. It would be useful that this experience doesn't necessarily reveal, that it appears mainly to those of us who are, and I know you won't want me using the term, narcissist.

Well, I think most of us do, if we admit to it, know what terror means. I mean Steve King puts it rather well in *CHUD* where all sorts of absolutely brutal things like going to the supermarket and seeing how much the prices have gone up actually puts you through that tightening of the gut and the flow of adrenaline that comes, quite apart from the...well, not the supernatural element in *CHUD*, but the non-supernatural element of the book...

The American?

Yeah, exactly. My impression is that people these days, if they admit to it, can't actually deny that they have moments - much more than moments of extreme panic. If one looks at the world with any degree of clarity it would be difficult to think any other way. I should think, even the "When the Wind Blows" kind of people, if there there are rather a lot about, I think even those, in their secret moments to the small hours of the night, might not find as content and as sure of themselves as they'd like to find, as we'd all like to feel. So I think there is a sense in which horror fiction is speaking for us, if done well to clear some of the things we're feeling.

*Yeah. I'm thinking now of, *Trauma* - I'll draw him up again - make a distinction between common weaknesses and monstrous misdeeds. Perhaps the things you and I are interested in, and that you do so very well, appeal more to those of us who are a bit crazier.*

To people who can accept that they've been through it, perhaps, or to people who can use up to some extent to have it do. I mean *CHUD* or *THE DEAD ZONE* are really books that leave you with any reassurance - the thing about the best-selling horror novel has traditionally been that it does to some way reassure you or tell you that things are all right again, which succeeds far well like *THE BFG* on one hand, or even the kind of horror film which makes it clear that it's about something and includes the audience in a kind of conspiracy. At the end of *THE DEAD ZONE* we all go out smiling because we know that the devil was already in The White House, so come on no surprise to us. On the other hand, I don't know, because it seems to me that Steve King has made a breakthrough, he'll write black novels like white ones. Certainly *CHUD* and *THE DEAD ZONE* are to a certain extent *THE DEAD ZONE*, which don't actually do that at all, and people are buying them in their millions. There must be a half of a lot of people out there who feel as we do - the truth might be that we're just making these more aware of themselves.

A middle section, all?

A public service is what it is, right. It's true that I had a lot of response to the introduction of *THE DEAD ZONE* THAT MUST BE (American edition).



"AT THE END OF 'THIS ONE' WE ALL GO OUT SMILING," SAYS RAMPY.

In some cases readers than I have already, sometimes people just write to me because they read that introduction, people who have never written to me before. A lot of people said "Well, I went through something like that or something as bad as that" so I certainly do regard part of what I'm doing, part of my story if you like, as actually trying to be as honest as possible, saying to people "I know, this is what it felt like, basically, so that they might be able to be more honest with themselves about what they're going through and maybe come to terms with it."

*Something I've noticed as that the media can be so judgemental about horror and of the same time make calculations out of people like the *Thriller* magazine.*

It's very strange isn't it? In fact I was in London yesterday and the Evening Standard had two placards, the early edition had "Monday to be in flow to the House," the later placards had "Katie chased to Hyde." She's suddenly become Mrs. For God's sake! - We're so first name terms with one of the House Members. As you say, they've become somewhat domesticated. It's obvious that what's going on is a curious process by which once they have been rejected as something that we could read by, they are made to be turned into whatever the editor wants to make of them. This is the almost Rennie and Clyde-like process they're going through, but I don't think I've ever seen it happen that fast or that strongly in the course of 12 hours in a single day.

No lead one I mean one was "Lord Peter Goes The Hunt."

All well, one can't be all that evil then, after all...an impossible achievement though. I would have thought.

There's a lot always speculation - the media say that they're a human and nothing like an animal of monster, what I wouldn't have thought was a very helpful way of trying to understand what was going on there as how to proceed at in the future...

Well, absolutely.

...yet simultaneously they are built up into stars, after a fashion.

This is one concern I've always had as a writer - well, where I came out from under the influence of Lovecraft, or rather the need to imitate Lovecraft. I won't say I'm completely out from under the influence, because I'm not that certain I want to be - but I do seem to have been writing about the tendency to reject what we don't like about ourselves as being something "Other." There's some traditional horror fiction the notion of evil is combined with a saying given for whenever we can't like or is not part of us. By starting tend to be other people who think that they're dealing with a monster and I feel I find themselves face to face with a mirror. Actually there's a Lovecraft story that did precisely that and I think that's an interesting about the story, "THE OTHERS," was the initial shock was with evil, is that it's very clearly an autobiographical metaphor. I mean, he was brought up to regard himself as being monstrous, "know, right and all, so he came up with this story in which the monster turns out to be him, the narrative is fact. I don't think I was picking up on that but it's become a moral concern of mine, a lot of the stories are about the evil on other, but the process of trying to reject it - *THE OTHERS* is a story you may have read...

Yes, it's been praised as a very interesting one, a collection of



BARNEY DUNN

couple of pages further on. It does really seem to be that if I'd been doing that now, I would have left that alone a mile.

What exactly happened on mid when I read *THE PARASITE* was that you start on in the cinema as early as the book, and it's beautifully sustained right through to the end.

Yes, I did have fun with that last 100 pages, it just keeps coming, that's right.

It's a long conversation.

I have to admit that *THE PARASITE* was written to some extent as an answer to a commercial question about *THE FACE* that MUST BE had been declared undesirable by everybody who looked at it. Too grisly to publish, which is why it didn't appear for some years. I was trying to design the *PARASITE* pretty well in terms of what the horror story was perceived as being in those days - which was to some extent, innocent characters being accused from something outside, but of course the story isn't about that at all. It's about a woman becoming more and more aware of her own dominant male personality so to that extent I was trying to be more true to spirit if then trying to be a little less so.

All times of sexual abuse, a feminist kind - the account of her growing self-consciousness was extraordinary.

I suppose it actually made up being closer to what I felt than I could imagine. It's probably not discomfort, it also builds in... you'll recall the characters actually have discussions about whether they should become commercial or not which is very much the process I was going through while I was writing the book, as I suppose it does at least try to be as honest with the reader as it can.

You wrote *THE PARASITE* as 1980 and it came out in 1985.

The edition you have was published in 1983, in fact it had been published in 1980 as...

TO MAKE THE DEAD...

...TO MAKE THE DEAD, right, as it was written in the late seventies, given it's years or so between that and seeing it in print.

Was that just a little change?

Actually, the final chapter is different. In *TO MAKE THE DEAD* is the final chapter originally the protagonist simply looks up with her husband and becomes increasingly convinced that he is still somehow involved with what she has shaken off. In fact the original ends with her beginning to feel that her psychic talents again to see if she can, you know, another combat it. Only seeing that's very much like the end of a *Jane Eyre* novel isn't it? I mean *THE DEAD* ends pretty much like that, and *THE PARASITE* OUTRAGE.

There's another ending that's got some resemblance.

Well it's a scene it has and in a sense it hasn't, I mean she obviously destroys the...

It only took two.

Yes, it only took two.

THE PARASITE was written from 1981 to 1985, I was wondering what the changes were, what motivated them, and how close they came to accomplishing what you wanted.

This is just up to publishing creativity to be honest. In the final version now you've got the scene in which Barbara is put on to the credit group in Glasgow at a newspaper which where she writes some adult magazines - in the original these adult magazines were lying around in the hotel where she was staying and she accuses them to one of the staff who's getting them from her father who doesn't particularly believe in them herself but just leaves them lying around - and that is how she gets on to the magazine. I mean it seemed an equally restricted way of getting there, you just don't pick up copies of *Wired* and *Production* in the average hotel, it seemed unnecessarily elaborate.

You were writing at Glasgow and London.

Yes, that's right, the other end thing that occurred to me when I'd written it... in the original the member of staff is rather unhelpful and cynical and so on, whereas the new version - again what you were saying earlier - had just got warmer, the journal dealing with the two characters which isn't in the first version.

I must confess I'm only read the final version.

I wouldn't be harsher looking at the earlier one, it's not as different. You were talking on TV the other night about the decline of Christianity (I suppose has gone, as we all tend to find with the alphas, maybe there really isn't anything else except something very much more terrible than we were led to believe?) And of course you feature Douglas Cressley explicitly in the book and all that, especially in *THE PARASITE* - and you use that word "force" meaning deliberately "based on the face of nature".

Yes, but on the other hand I'm fundamentally a sceptic in the midst of

a field which in theory works in terms of... prejudices? Yes, prejudices, which is neither reason why I've done *THE WITCH* NOW, which is explicitly as attacks on that. Then again, if you do seem to be getting such a little as they go along - maybe I sense that the genre are going to give us in due course and I'd better put an effort more in order before I go, OBSCURITY is I suppose the one where the theological issues really begin to get themselves released, and this you're certainly going to find this in *THE WITCH* NOW, but equally in *THE INVADER*, where it deals with the ghostly, it seems to be that I had to deal with life after death and what the possibilities were. You may actually find out that they come out pretty black by the conclusion as well.

There was an extraordinary sequence in *THE PARASITE*, with "The largest church" - very expressive.

Yes, yes, the work of a strange mind.

You think you could get occasionally shocked?

It may be, I don't, I can't picture where I'm going next. It does seem that there's some connection between consecutive books but whether there will be a direct theoretical progression at this stage I don't know - maybe I'll be born again, I would want at the moment to know the line J.K. Potter uses when people knock at the door, he describes himself as a "born again atheist".

Perhaps it. But as a big devotee of more and more I got the impression that he is someone whose work, and even disappointed, the quality of his work takes a real dip. I don't know if you'd agree with that.

I'm inclined to agree with you, yes, but I think that this is partly because he comes close to being "born again" doesn't he, though he doesn't quite lose the urge to question.

Actually that was explained into the *Encyclopaedia* on an oddity. As such as the solution to the answers that started him, the depression forces that occurred in the universe, personified as the *Face* developed in *A FACE OF DEATH* - he actually saw these antitheses? It would seem to be a surprising anticlerical attitude.

He didn't see it, but...

He didn't like it.

Right.

You need to be a sensation to understand his final words.

Right, you're not going to find that in my later books, my work is relatively reasonable at that level. You can go back to one of my fewest writers, Graham Greene - I think that the religion on the whole was that obsessive there, but the preoccupations are underlying it. So perhaps this is no going back to my main again.

Speaking of your work, what about this Liverpool connection... *PARASITE*'s setting you said you have.

Oh good.

Well as it stood this place, on some of you and *Clara Barker*, also I don't... we had the Liverpool connection of the fifties, writers and secretaries and now things have got so much grimmer that we have the Liverpool horror writers of the sixties. Then again, horror and humor have so much in common that perhaps you're just the further side, just enjoying the shillies laugh. Much of us actually like to tell a lot of jokes in the course of our stories. In fact as I'm concerned Liverpool has always been what the stories have been about, just go and look at them.

Edward Hall in *THE DEAD* and that Liverpool is a story you have to know of you want to succeed, but you would want to be a really good teacher-teacher in that, you stayed at home and did very well.

That's right, obviously I can't play on the piano, it's kept as to carrying all as life, then the last thing I should do, he, actually I'm very fond of the piano, I wouldn't want to move away.

Can you write anywhere else?

I'm certainly written while I've been away, I always take a novel with me if I'm writing one.

With *Parasite* as a spiritual book?

Yes, this is where you start and I suspect that is where they're going to place on when I don't write a just appears.

BACK ISSUES...



THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE
FRIDAY THE 13TH, QUARTER MASS: the original INVADERS
FROM NARS. Vols
Reactor and more



THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE
FRIDAY THE 13TH, QUARTER MASS: the original INVADERS
FROM NARS. Vols
Reactor and more

ISSUE 1 includes: The film of *Swamp Country*, missing scenes from *Karloff's FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE*, *FRIDAY THE 13TH, QUARTER MASS: the original INVADERS FROM NARS*, Vols Reactor and more

ISSUE 2 includes: Part one of an exclusive Ramsey Campbell interview, the films of John Carpenter *H.P. Lovecraft*, *Serie Bush* *EXPERIMENT IN PREPPING TOM*, *THE FLY*, *Scum* *1980* and more

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Dear John,

Thankyou. I've been looking for a replacement magazine since my Belmont Hills of Horror closed the periodical market (for the second time), and you seem to be the last one really selling. I loved J. J. Bennett's "Fantasticon", but that seems to have stopped on July 27, more than an issue and I suppose you sold the "Jubilant" type of SF, so neither were really available for me. Then you came along.

You seem to have taken your style from that by having a comic strip advertisement (that will be sent you too) and Ramsey Campbell (although I am not sure about the rest of the list of names). The rest on your CVI/DEAD strip is pure and the layout of the strip is about the way only best to follow and hard to individual put what you really are. Well, having said that, I found most are extremely enjoyable.

What age group are you aiming for? I find your articles very readable in these respects. But your content character is characteristically down and ordinary (except the VERY THE VERY content). Please don't run to the page three comic strip.

Despite what Mr. Bennett said in issue two, I find Gordon Farquhar's approach of a high standard and with the observance of the magazine's content. Concerning whether you should include adverts on your front of the magazine (which I do, but please, no Guy R. Smith books and how about a listing at the end of the review (e.g. magazine content and overall rating).)

Perhaps you could make the next issue a review one. Surely this would be a good idea. But most of the cover already has content on (even if it is only one). Finally, if you ever start up a subscription office, I would like to see.

Keep it up,
David Campbell
David Smith,
Barnsley.

Taking your points in order David, the next comic strip won't be an adaptation but an original character called RAGNAR MAC by Steve Bond. Mac will make his debut in issue four and take it from me...he's weird! The age group question is an interesting one. I've had letters from readers in their early teens and letters from those in their forties and all seem to like the mag so we're not really aiming for a specific age. I started watching horror films at the age of 12 (it's now 25) and I was just as enthusiastic then as I am now about the genre and judging from the post bag this seems to be the way with some kids. O.K. so I do horror films now and then...I can handle it.

Re Ben like the cartoon wherever I localized the change of shishiness at his sister Ben Richards and she said you're a heap of pooch and you can't play in her garden anymore so nah nah nah nah. Incidentally Ben is one of the most popular people of the mag as you better get used to him. Take my word for it, a colour cover does cost a lot more and even if I could afford one I'd be reluctant to spend money on it, preferring instead to increase the number of pages. Anyway, with enough money, an artist an expensive wrapping up a product but it's what's inside that really counts. However what do the rest of you think and with that I'll shut up as these are meant to be two pages of your views and not mine.

Dear John,

Thank you for the copy of JAWOL which I read with as a monthly and highly-winning delight to the multi-faceted genre. There is no doubt as to the quality of your product, and I would of course, have you believe with enthusiasm - though you (and not forgetting your contributors!) dedication and time for the subject matter comes through in a few words. In my opinion, that's the most important factor in the production of a fan mag. A lot of your material has been noted on your professionalisation - and as far as I'm concerned, the magazine could be cheap, poorly printed and badly typed, but as long as the dedication is there, it'll be a great success - and JAWOL would seem to have your own personal enthusiasm (at a small monetary value) you feel on the line.

In the editorial words of one impressive group member: "You you have of that, you have that right!"

Colin Smith,
Glasgow,
Scotland.

Dear John,

I have immensely enjoyed the first two issues and want to offer some praise and criticism on them.

The points I have in mind enjoyed the most was Peter's 10 and the Brian Vance of John Greenstein and David Greenstein. The first question was very fair. It dispensed with the usual of JAWOL and seems to be concerned, then again often writing of a few more issues - and nearly as good as JAWOL. Just's interests are also good.

Another I would agree with readers who don't like THE DOLL HEAD about the art as well as the idea itself. It is the false picture, it reads more like a story which is the picture to be seen from other parts of JAWOL. Again the full page pictures by Gordon Farquhar are good but seem a bit pointless without appropriate text. They seem to take up a lot of space.

Finally, I was glad to see JAWOL on sale in Edinburgh in the Science Fiction Magazine, and to see you in the Science Fiction Magazine and JAWOL.

I don't forget to send love.

Stephen Roberts,
Cardiff,
Scotland.

I'm glad to see it is as well in Edinburgh too Stephen. I sent the first two issues to see if they would reach them and received no reply. Thankfully we've now got a proper distributor who can obviously reach the parts I couldn't.

Dear Mr. Goldridge,

I bought JAWOL 2 yesterday from a shop called TINSLEY in Barnsley and although I haven't had time to finish reading it I must put fingers to keyboard and produce a bit. Despite having a heavy feeling for it for about 14 pages I'm sure you'll find it interesting. I'm not sure if it's as good as the first issue, but I'm not sure if it's as good as the first issue.

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John Roberts
Cardiff,
Wales.

You're right about the lack of genre TV there John although you will see a brief mention of a new Channel 4 series in JAN'S SPECTRE. The title, as I mentioned in issue one (except still available) SPECTRE is the Celtic word for Halliwell.

Dear John,

Just a line to say a few words. Overall impression was very professional of the content and layout. I liked the way. For a change, an editorial that is actually interesting. I loved most of the content, especially the Ramsey Campbell interview - one of my favourite writers.

I honestly don't know what I'm looking for in a magazine. If you offered a review of "Hells" for sale this year you would be keeping the law but by looking about them then people would talk about "Hells" I wouldn't have it. Don't have it then or it will be as a review to that I'd see both JAWOL and SPECTRE.

Two comments were made about both issues on how much one could read the serial page (when you could read them that way). I think this would be a good idea for the magazine - what you thought of the idea, whether it seems to be a bit of a "Hells" etc.

I would suggest that the magazine should be a bit more like a "Hells" etc. I would suggest that the magazine should be a bit more like a "Hells" etc. I would suggest that the magazine should be a bit more like a "Hells" etc.

David Roberts,
Cardiff,
Wales.

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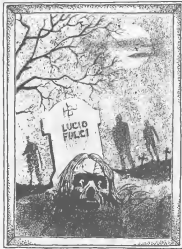


IAN WARD

THE NATIONAL SAM HAIN PORT



MARK DELANEY



GORDON FINLAYSON



DALLAS GOFFIN

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY



DAVID CHAPPELL



OLIVER KERKDYK



ALAN GRUEN



CHRISTOPHER WALSH



MAD SCIENTIST

OR

MAD ?
MAN

True Rebel

THE FILMS OF
DAVID
LYNCH.

BY MICHAEL WESLEY.

WITH precisely the same blatant directorial talent to emerge during the late twenties/early thirties, belongs to the American David Lynch after all, this one's first feature makes the films of Greenberg look like your average episode of "Carnegie Street." As some to be blessed with a talent that can be both accessible and frustrating at the same time, witness his varieties of DNE, to most people a electric, jumbled, rambling piece of cinema but to my view, one of the most strikingly original science fiction films ever made. Perhaps its very strangeness and slow plotting repels most viewers before they have really entered into the mood of the film (and need to what assumes Lynch consistently to his to be all important, and in what are called "epicurean" or "surface" films).

It also conforms to liking darkness, and dark images exist in his films as obsessions. His first feature, *EXHIBED*, is virtually a symphony in black, with disquieting sums of light and dark, noise and silence, that spark off sufficient, almost unconscious reactions in the viewer. This trait was carried over, to some extent, in his next film, *THE ELEANOR PARK*, here, however, it is not so much greater, even, combining with a literature script and superb acting to create one of the most memorable cinematic experiences of the past two years. Surrealistic images still abound, however, and once again the whole feel, flow and visual texture of the film is given top priority by Lynch (have mood, actors will follow!).

In an age of cinematic oddities, it is extremely rewarding to have someone like David Lynch directing movies. So many films released at the cinema in any given year are soulless and unimpressive, relying purely on the audience's ability to simply keep their eyes open and follow the plot (in other words, not to think and not even to feel). Watching one of this man's films involves a great deal more; you have to think and try to interpret visual images (*EXHIBED*), you have to become involved in a place and with character's emotions and feel something for them, good or bad (*ELEANOR PARK*), and you can be transported to alien worlds and characters, and with each coming and departing accordingly (*DNE*).

Lynch has topped his films with an overall unity of style that makes them seem almost continuous of a single theme which is achieved by the viewer (the last shot of *ELEANOR PARK* reappears, in color, as the opening of *DNE*). The similarities are vast, and as is his talent, a true artist working in a field which is more often than not commercial and banalistic.

With just four feature films released, Lynch seems to be one of the most exciting film makers of our time so far. This talent due as he indicated overall by just one transcendent moment in *DNE*, as the camera leaves itself into the giant south of a window, an image which exactly parallels a moment in *EXHIBED* which was made almost two years previously. A prime example of the overall unity prevalent in Lynch's work.



CHICK FILMS BY DAVID LYNCH TO DATE:

EXHIBED (1976, PG Rating)

Made with the help of the American Film Institute Center for Advanced Film Studies, Lynch's first feature (begun in the early seventies, released in late 1976) is a dark, disquieting piece of abstract symbolism, dream logic and sheer perverseness. It is, quite possibly, the most bizarre film ever made, and without doubt has a visual look and meaning which is unique and ugly. Right because the images that the eye is forced to see are those of darkness, decay, disintegration and disgust.

In telling the "tale" of Henry, his girlfriend Mary (a true to epileptic film) and their mutual suffering, which is linear-like, neat and efficient, and yet is probably the only thing in the film that is able to draw audience sympathy; it's sheer helplessness and alone appearance making it the focus of the viewers' attention for much of the second half, (19)

The film opens with Henry's face at a close-up screen, while a distant planet above ever nearer. A burned man sitting inside by a window pulls levers, which appears to draw a worm-like figure from Henry's mouth, which causes this viewer, a light appears at the end, and we emerge to find Henry on the "floor" as he makes his way through a desolate, industrial landscape to his body home.

He has witnessed a birth, but whose? Henry's? Perhaps the child's, for when he returns to his apartment, his mother's neighbor (identified in the credits as "The beautiful girl across the hall") calls his Mary called, and that her parents are expecting him for dinner. (Lynch, as it turns out, is to be "one-made" children that twist and bend, but some of that later).

Inside his small room, creeped deep holds prescience. Tattered bookshelves, rotting shrubs in piles of earth on a draining-table, darkness and dust, alas, a refresher, which, as a slow moving camera-track, the viewer comes to realize will be important later on. Henry drives a truck as it, then goes to a dream which involves a kind of water hole which is like a coin, and Mary's photo, talk is half. The people of *EXHIBED* are almost entirely that they do not talk unless it is necessary, and then over meaningless drivel, for when Henry arrives at Mary's parents, a leading question of "What do you do?" is countered with a disingenuous "Oh, I'm a musician!" Henry is then served to the sound of machinery, gears and a pack of dogs sucking their mother on the floor, dinner which bleeds and tortures as Henry tries to carve it, causing Mary's mom to have a violent fit and leave the room. On returning, she informs him of Mary's child and asks if he is the father, while making blatant advances in his is the first of her daughter, Mary's mother, the, are pretty low in this ugly world (before all), somehow as it stands it is Earth!

When next seen, Mary is at Henry's home, feeding their child and waiting for Henry to return from work. This waiting, also-shown horror like on a table, swathed in bandages, getting its foot out as Mary feels it! Henry returns, settles and lays on the bed, staring at the radiator. To him, it symbolizes warmth and security, perhaps that of the womb, the "Mouth" which he longs for. Night approaches, P.D.V.-type lighting constantly splits the darkness onto a wall outside the window, and Henry becomes increasingly frustrated with the child's crime, eventually leaving Henry and telling him to rest after things while she is gone. "Why don't you just stay here?" he replies.

Soon the baby becomes with and Henry sets up an evaporator close by it and takes its temperature. Homebound (every time he goes to leave, it cries) he adds some as a sign of vain-futility to fantasize the ideal woman, mischievous, chubby-cheeked, smiling, appears on a sign in the radiator and does a Shirley Temple-like side step while spreading over-the-foster which fell around her (this ultimate wish, to cancel out the child's birth, combining with his sexual desires and rejection that Mary gives him).

Suddenly we are lost, just as Henry is, because Mary reappears in bed, drowsy and gasping for breath. Had she ever left? Where did the dream begin? Now wrangling over things, this time in the bed, are thrown out by Henry, and a small worm-like creature and swallow the camera, and we reappear staring through a hole at Henry. Then, a brief track with the woman opposite as Henry and she which he an embrace into a bed of silky field, calm and peaceful, until just her hair floats on the surface. The "Mother-like" returns to song to Henry followed by the approach film which the film divides into this. Again, we reappear, this time where Henry, awakening from his dream. The baby laughs hysterically, contently, until, awaked that in his case, withdrawn cancer? Henry takes a pair of scissors and cuts open the child's bandages which were part of its body. Once and destruction reigns and, in the final resolution, Henry is reunited with his "Mother-like" his ideal woman, in a cold, white, sterile heaven.

There is so many way to understand this film. It is ugly, repellent and, in a very strong way, often beautiful (think on the water surface for example). It follows its own logic that it progresses right to the end, distancing the viewer inside his/her own head and challenging her concept of dream/reality, modern/extraordinary, normal/beautiful, occurrences in as unforgettable way. On repeated viewings it pleads more of itself and yet remains enigmatic overall; it is a truly unique film.



THE ELEPHANT MAN (1960, 127 minutes)

In comparison with *CRASHED*, Lynch's assumed features are almost normal, but again he conspicuously [dis]obeys by the director's penchant for bizarre shots, lighting and overall mood. Photographed in breathtaking black and white by genre favorite Freddie Fraunce, with haunting music from John Morris. It tells the true tale of John Merrick, a hideously deformed Victorian freak and his treatment at the hands of a circus manager, Pines, and a kindly surgeon, Frederick Treves. The mood of the film this time, however, is not postmodern but sublime, and yet even in the seemingly distressing climax, we emerge with a feeling of optimism and wonderment; all is not so ugly this time caused for Lynch.

His masterful direction is held aloft by some truly remarkable acting, particularly from John Hurt, who, under one of the most shakable cameras ever devised for film (the work of Christopher Yarker) comes in a way that makes him totally believable. Counterbalancing his sensitivity as Freddie Jones (an honorable but minor *FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER* DECEASED) as Pines, who simultaneously despises and loves his deformed "huge pecker" Anthony Hopkins, too, is magnificence as Treves, Merrick's savior and friend, and makes the meeting between himself and Merrick (after the elephant man's kidnapping in the cemetery by Pines and eventual return to England) the stuff of great cinema. Only John Hurt's rather a sympathetic actress who "falls for" John arrives rather a false note.

Elsewhere, the film is well-served impossible to fault. From the remarkable production design of Victorian England (with Lynch's use of close-ups, dirt, machinery and smoke), to costumes, lighting, editing and general overall visual flow, it has seldom been improved on in effortless quality since its release in 1960. Lynch proved, after his extremely bizarre start, to have a remarkable control of combining visuals, characterization and plotting to achieve the desired emotional effect, and emotional the film certainly is. It is full of irreverence against Treves' first view of the elephant man with the camera slowly tracking in on Anthony Hopkins' dumbstruck face as he sees him to his eyes Merrick's first attempt at speaking by pronouncing his name; Merrick reciting "The Lord is my Shepherd" to the hospital governor Carr Gorge (John Gielgud); the beating of John by the crowd of Pines; his return, and of course the stunning climax as John lives out his fantasies of beauty or stage in a postmodern, before putting himself gently to death.

He once could have produced after *CRASHED*, that Lynch could possibly have made a film of this brilliance.



CRASH (1996, 130 minutes)

For his third feature (the first in color) Lynch rose to a cast of thousands and a budget of around \$5 million dollars. But a bad leap after just two features. This is probably his most distasteful film and I do not understand why. Perhaps because the book is held in such high esteem by "Dusties" (at which I am one), or why the complaints?

In a weak, complex saga, ultimately compressed from the novel (after all, would you want it nine hours long?), Lynch gives himself free reign to create the sort of startling images *CRASHED* was full of, indeed. Jack Nance, Alice Neely, even make a cameo appearance as does the director himself. The cast is superb. Kyle MacLachlan is just right as Paul Atreides as is Francesca Annis as his mother, Lady Jessica. Freddie Jones appears again as Thrull (he and Kenneth McMillan is wonderfully over the top as the "floating fat man" Baron Vladimir Harkonnen, all bells and shouting).

The film alternates between a dreamy one in the desert action and particularly the "folding-space" sequence (with full access to the music of Tchaikovsky) and violent, large-scale action sequences with one of the most magnificent climaxes I have ever seen. There were moments of incomprehension thrown at the film which were unforgotten. I followed the plot without any trouble and would have done so even if I hadn't read the book.

The story takes place on several different worlds, with Arrakis, or Dune, as its center. In a nutshell, it tells of the House of Atreides' battle against the House of Harkonnen (the Haddies) for control of the spice melange, which provides travel to any part of the universe and thus unrivaled supremacy. In the middle of all this is Paul, who is to learn that he is the universe's super-being, the "Divine Being" and the Baron, who has a scary habit of pulling people's heart strings and spitting in ladies' faces! It's no wonder that Lynch directed this film, with its

bizarre characters, main and subtle feel and the result is a remarkable piece of cross-pollinating between a director and a project. The film is truly immense to look at, superbly detailed, intelligent and contains strong character interest, moving the film along to its brilliant final battle as Atreides leads his troops into action on the back of nine-long sandworms. It is a transcendently underrated, breathtaking piece of science fiction which will hopefully receive the recognition that it justly deserves, though rather slow motion to its ease.



BLUE VELVET (1986, 98 minutes)

There can be little doubt that Lynch's latest cinematic offering is his most powerful and relevant yet, touching nerve-ends and parts of the brain that desire most strongly to be left alone, and part of it is not violence for violence sake. It is instead Lynch at his most daring, exposing the wild underbelly of one of those "Oh-so-peaceful" American small-towns, in this case Lumberton.

Jeffrey Beaumont (Kyle MacLachlan) returns home when his father falls ill and is hospitalized, and while wandering aimlessly through a neighborhood backlot just happens to discover a severed, not-covered human ear. An eye-gouging young American student would do, he pops it into a brown paper bag and takes it along to the hard-working police inspector Williams. He meets and later falls for the inspector's daughter Sandy (Isabella Rossellini) and they soon discover that the mystery has some connection with a vulgar nightclub singer Dorothy Vallon (Isabella Rossellini), in a scorching performance. It does have a great deal to do with perhaps Frank Booth (Dennis Hopper), while seeing Dorothy's dingy apartment (shades of Henry's *CRASHED* flat). Jeffrey is forced to hide in a cupboard when he returns. In a scene of sheer perversity, Dorothy discloses her amongst her sewing-machine, threatening him with a knife, then strips and seduces him. A moment of inspired comic grotesquerie occurs the following day when he talks on answering Sandy that "Things didn't go as planned last night." Two men!

Continuing to investigate he soon mysteriously witnesses, from the same window, Frank visiting, snuffing a bizarre blue gas through a mask, and indulging in an appalling display of sadomasochistic sex with Dorothy, which is so shocking as it is hypnotizing. Now Lynch could force two actors to carry out this scene with such shattering realism is almost beyond belief. It takes a long before Frank discloses our hero and then the nightmare really begins!

The most memorable thing in *BLUE VELVET* (aside from its typically "Lynchian" visual style) is Dennis Hopper, whose performance of Frank must stand as the most repellent and unforgettable villain in screen history: Leatherface in a real sense! He is the year's best actor. The way Lynch of film that issues from his mouth, the hideous scenes with Dorothy and his treatment of her (he has kidnapped her husband and son, hence the extraordinary human ear lying around in a field, so she is forced to endure his actions) makes his presence on screen almost unbearable to watch. The climax too, is breathtakingly intense, with Jeffrey once more hiding in the closet as the madman Frank drives away unseen.

There is a happy ending, of sorts, beautifully realized by Lynch and his camerawoman Frederick Elms, which is gratefully received by the audience after all the unspeakable horrors we have been put through. It is, however, an almost impossible film to like, as brilliantly directed, shot, edited and acted as it is; a genuinely dark four-decade of tension and shock tactics which never once gives the audience a chance to relax. My only hope is that with *BLUE VELVET*, Lynch has dropped most of his perverse notions from his unique psyche and laid them out raw into film, and that he won't feel the need to make another one quite like it. One *BLUE VELVET* is great and hereafter there would be gratuitous and laterals, let us now look forward to *SHRIMP ROCKET* and beyond.



Forgotten **63** But Filed

in this occasional series I intend to cover films that may (and most I trust) of you may have not come across before. Their remaining unseen might be due to various reasons: obscurity, age, lack of decent distribution, unavailability of English language/subtitled prints or just plain blood-acquiescence on the part of the DFF/SMPDC/customs

These films may not be waterpizzas (how deep acknowledged waterpizzas do you know if that are impossible to see?) but they are of interest. And if you, the reader, have an undevoured heroic epic lurking in your video collection or know of a great film everybody saves about that you just can't track down then let us know, perhaps we could include it in a future edition.

Although I will be the first to admit that it is impossible to do justice to the world of low-to-budget horror filmmaking in anything under 500 pages, one does get the feeling, after watching the stuff for a while, that most of the output can be divided into three main categories: 1. Those films made solely for the money. 2. Movies catering to the audience's blood lust, or at least promising to do so. 3. The "Titanic" pictures, usually incompetently made films that wear their shamelessness with pride, as if to say, "We know this is crap, but we're doing it anyway because we can." The first category is the most common, the second category being the most profitable. The films fall into more than one category but descriptively few would all of them.

The only films made in the 1980's that come readily to mind are: THE EPILUV, BAREST KAT, Abel Ferrera's No 45 and Mark Amundson's STAYING (RE-ARMAMENT). Budget is too high to include it on the list. BUNCE is very much a surface/early aesthetic equivalent to these films, shot on an extremely low budget (and judging from the quality of the video prints, 16mm) and full of interesting ideas and filmmaking of a quality rarely found in cinema's novice era.

Since the success of *BE-HEMUTER* it has become popular to write about films that are based on, or influenced by, the works of H.P. Lovecraft. However in all three articles I have never even seen a mention of *BEHOLDEN* which is strange as it's a story of the unravelling of the mysteries from an ancient book, and the intervention of demons from another dimension is pure Lovecraft. Presumably the only reason for its exclusion is that few people have actually seen the film; and I can't see it becoming any less obscure in the future. Even the otherwise excellent *Aurum Film Encyclopedia* ignores it, omitting it from both the Horror and Science Fiction volumes.

The film was originally made as a student project on Miami; scenes were later added by producer Jack H. Harris in 1917 to give it feature length. In this respect, it can be compared to John Carpenter's *Duke* (1975), which was also made as a student film, though to receive the "expert Carpenter's" film is regarded in film circles as the most important. The film was integrated very well with no obvious joins visible. American sources say the film was originally shot in 1907, but extra scenes were shot in 1917, though the video print available is to this date (1917). The film is 10 minutes long. Judging from the tail film of some of the cars and the length of the gods' heads (1) I'd guess the film was shot in 1904-05. Perhaps Fritz Lang, the well-known writer, who has a camera in the film, could put

Apart from Keller I didn't recognize any names in the credits except Ed Begley Jr. (as assistant cameraman); surely this can't be the same Ed Begley Jr. now appearing in "54, Elsewhere" on TV? However a recognizable face does appear in the film, that of Frank



THE TENTACLED BEAST DURING A WEDDING-SUPPER

Banner (listed in the credits as Frank Banner Jr.) the ally Merb Tarkenton from "48Hr in Cincinnati," here looking a lot younger. Special effects fans will recognize the names of Jim Danforth and David Allen who did excellent stop action work for this and a number of other low and medium budget films. **GRADE: C-**

[illegible]

David's psychiatrist then plays him the tape of an interview he'd undertaken the day after Fleming had been brought in, and the words of that interview later are recounted. It transpires that David had recognized a strange man in the car, and that he'd called a psychology professor, a nursing student, his car came up to the professor's mountain cabin. Prompting briefly to pick up a friend, Jim Butman (Frank Busey Sr.), Jim's girl Ricky and her friend Susan who was along for the ride, he heads off for the cabin, where he meets and brutally kills a stranger. A student from the nursing school then comes upon investigating they discover an old man who gives them a large, leather-bound book which is full of medical jargon; it also contains a note by Dr. Veterman partly explaining the psychosis and a description of the man who had been in the car.

The book is an ancient veritable tome originating from the Persian Gulf area and had been used by demoscologists through the ages to bring demons across from another dimension. Dr. Waterman's experiment had also, unfortunately, brought forth a demon, in the shape of a giant tentacle beast, which had destroyed the cabin.

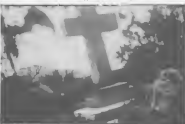
Samson is then attacked by the Iscariot dwarf, named Amosdenu, who had been looking menacing earlier on, and who is actually a demon in disguise. The breaks free but Amosdenu transforms himself into a 15-20 foot blue-skinned bat-like monster and swats him. The dwarf then kills Amosdenu by stinging him with his dagger. The creature disintegrates and returns again as Amosdenu (the name is the ancient Jewish word for a demon - literally spirit of anger). They discover that Dr. Wierzbanski's spell had actually created a link between the two. Amosdenu kills the dwarf, and then kills the dwarf who kills the demon later the other dimension but is killed by Amosdenu who then takes his form. The duplicate then attacks David, trying to recapture the book; he fails, thus turns into a winged demon, kills Vicki and

They escape by hiding behind a cross-shaped gravestone into which the monster leaps, resulting in a large explosion. It then starts the warning to David: "In one year and one day you will be dead." The film then cuts back to the opening scenes with David being hit by a driverless car... After hearing the story, the journalist leaves the hospital, no less mystified than before, only to pass Susan coming in the opposite direction.

I will be the first to admit the film is an undisciplined masterpiece! It is all shot on location, mostly out-of-doors to save money and the photography and production design is pre-factory - it's not helped by being shot on 16mm. It is also overly talky, a common problem among low budget films (as people who have sat through any Milligan's films will know). However the script is very well written, being both literate and interesting, the acting good for such a minimal budgeted film and the score-soundscapes, monsters and winged demons are effectively well used and integrated into the film. The actors must have been compensated for the work, but I don't think it was a conscious, then, decision to underpay them, as it is in his earlier work.

and the general use of somewhat formulaic violence was an attempt to entice and please to ensure their domination over the world. The characters are not really degraded on the participation of an intellectual person of dubious morality or a backwoods family with some feudalistic values. This violence violates the **RECOMMENDATION** of the Arab Abdul Kader. This side an appearance, and at times of the Frigilary Nu-Scholar, Sengul and Murtashah. The narrator of the story tended to be a poor friend of the central character or an interested observer, and they usually ended up accepting, with the demons easily discarded, alive but not with reasonable control.

It seems to me that the above approach covers *EXQUINER* pretty well. Attempts by deans to enter our classroom, helped by as aging intellectual and an ancient book, and beaten by a young student. The basic plot of *EXQUINER* is not a million miles from "The Donatist Governor," "The Master of the Dark" or "The Shadow net of Time." So if you're a Lovecraft fan and bored of as seeing you could do a lot worse than watch *EXQUINER*, a worthy addition to that group of films influenced by the works of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. Then again you'll probably have a job teaching it down.



THE JOURNAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ATTORNEYS

A GUIDE TO
CARNIVAL
MOVIES



I
JUST ATE SOMEONE WHO
DISAGREED WITH ME!



IN PART ONE OF THIS TWO PART FEATURE GIACOMO MARTINO CHEWS OVER "CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE, FINDS FOOD FOR THOUGHT IN "CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST, WONDER WHAT THE HELL "FEROX" MEANS AND GENERALLY GETS HIS TEETH INTO THE CANNIBAL MOVIES.

At the height of the well-orchestrated "Fifteen Minutes" hysteria, Lord James, Lord Chish Justice, posed the question "Did it really require live cannibals to make people realize what the horror video was?" Of course it was obvious to anyone who actually bothered to see the films, that the only cannibalism that was going on was of stock footage - the meat was down to special (and not so special) effects. Those who will admit this might care to ask themselves how Al Ciletti, even Newman, No No Lay and co. kept coming back to be exhibited by the natives in film after film.

But we aren't to be too harsh on Leone, each situation had been made before. Lucio Fulci, the old sucking torturer himself, was hailed before the beat on episode of the dismembered dogs in 1979's *UNA LICENTIA* OR *LA PELLE DI DONNA LIZARD* IS A WOMAN'S SKIN. Only the best cinematic appearance of Carlo Masselli with one of the prosthetic dogs used for the effects accepted Fulci going down for a stretch. Most countries of all were the allegations that the killing of a prisoner by police in 1965's *AFRICA ADDIO* (*AFRICA - BLOOD AND GUNS*) had been set up by the makers. Messers. Luciano Jacopetti and Franco Prosperi. The resulting bus and cry interrupted their art of epic little cinema, which had commenced with *MONDO CANE* in 1961. *MONDO CANE* gave the world Rocco Orsini's international hit theme song "Here" and spawned a host of imitations along with two official sequels. The formula was gleeful "Here at the Screen" - type documentary exposure of violence maintained or at the least things going on around the globe - cruelty to animals, anthropological weirdness and general obscenity.

To understand the late 70's/early 80's epics of Italian cannibal films (there were no other countries are lower inferior efforts, as we shall see) one has to understand the "Nazi" phenomenon. Fascist daily with the violence of their shortness seen in the face of audiences present, Italian Nazis had to come to terms with decline (historically I wonder how far we can caricature the current agonizing over the health of the British film industry with our own economic decline). The Fascist epics, and Mussolini's racist imperialism is generally represented the "bread and circuses" solution. Reacting against this, post-war Nazis delivered undiluted studies of "Life in the raw." The "Nazi" films represented the turning of this Nazi documentary eye onto the grotesque, the weird, the exciting. The dialectical transformation of Nazi-Nazis into the polar opposite - is other words, with Nazis you could have your "bread and circuses" and eat it and cannibalism. The Nazi film industry to the first fascinations and repugnance felt by the citizens of post-imperialist countries towards what they like to think of the "Nazi" behavior of the third world peoples who were previously as the receiving end of imperialism. Umberto Lenzi's *CANNIBAL FEROX* is the most explicit critique of this situation.

The "Nazi" influence has continued to be felt with the likes of MONDO RIZZANO, MONDO PIRENE, Ross Meyer's MONDO TOPLESS, John Waver's MONDO TRASHO, the recent MONDO RETRASHO and the formula was faithfully continued in Conan la Ciacra's American documentary *FACES OF DEATH* (another Scotland based "Nazi"), which, with its sequel *FACES OF DEATH 2*, has been positively successful as the continent. And of course the whole *LOOPY* series can be justifiably attributed to the activities of Jacopetti and Prosperi.

But the true heirs of Nazis were the cannibal films, the worst of which frequently tried to be a hell as that some sort of society can be inflicted upon an unfortunate animal. Rogers Deodato was first off the mark with *ULTRAMONDO CANNIBALE* (*THE LAST CANNIBAL*), *MONDO CANNIBALE* (*THE LAST SURVIVOR*) (1976). Made in the Philippines, it recalled the harrowing ordeal of Nestore Paschi who fell among the savages (including No No Lay), is taped, subjected to various indignities (if you're into golden showers you'll love this one) and can only escape by partaking of the human flesh. Paschi's disgust at this indignity was reduced by the once-to-while expedient of mugging into the camera from potential black range, which would become a staple shot at this point in the plot of subsequent cannibal films.

The impetus for the cannibal films was provided by the cinematic event of *APOLCALYPSE NOW* (1970), but a more subtle narrative influence appears to have been a film made back in 1972, Mark Schoder's *LA VALLEE DES VALLES* (*CONQUERED BY CLOUTIER*), whose success probably had a lot to do with the way it was typed as some sort of free love utopia. In fact it was an anti-house condemnation of "cultural tourism", in which the "Garden of Eden" the westerners seek in the New Guinea turns out to be no better as the humans there they lived in "civilization".

LA VALLEE strongly influenced the career of the cannibal films in that it sets the white dilemmas who corrupted the native environment, a message the reverse of the natives in *ULTRAMONDO CANNIBALE*. Deodato took this notion on board for his *CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST* (*ANGEL*), which was the first of a series of similar films. The film is implicitly attacked as a criticism of the "Nazi" school of film making (it could have been titled *MONDO MONDO*) though the viewer must decide for him/herself whether *HOLOCAUST* is a serious meditation on the form or a parody case of the peddling of titillation under the guise of stimulation.

HOLOCAUST opens with a know-it-all TV reporter commenting that "You no companion and will soon conquer space, not only just a few hours flight from New York City, people are still living in the Stone Age." The report continues with a host of weekly cannibal films setting off for cinematic South American pariahs to shed some light on the situation. That's the theory, but the next we hear of these guys, they're missing presumed dead, and a second mission, led by professor John Newman is sent to discover their fate. Newman is disturbed by the socio-behavior of the half-naked Inuit hunter who is assigned to show them the ropes (as about this to the viewer) in the jungle. He captures a native and forces him to lead them to the Tree People. Their reluctant guide is treated like an animal, rewarded for "good behavior" with certain blows to his face. He routes to the Tree People's place, then witnesses the local punishment for adultery, which involves violation with a

'Cannibal' obscenity verdict in Milan

AN EXAMPLE OF THE PRESS COVERAGE "CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST" RECEIVED WHEN IT DIVIDED, FROM SCREEN INTERNATIONAL.

Dogs bark, followed up with a mid-pack pitted with sharp arrows.

They find the Tree People, the general consensus among whom is that the first description were bad news, specifically their filming activities (of Denise Meyer's *THE LAST MOVIE*, 1971). When Newman gains confidence by stealing himself to eat human flesh, they show him a advice fashioned from the moral remains of the first camera-crow and their photographic paraphernalia. The natives are all in favor of Newman taking the footage back with him, as though this will associate evil spirits.

Back in America, the salvaged film is prepared for transmission as "The Grass Inferno", but Newman begins to have doubts when he thinks out the late team's previous effort, "Last Seed to Hell", a crude Jacopetti-type collage of atrocities that got into the same difficulties as *AFRICA ADDIO*. The complete and remembrances of those who lived and worked with them lend weight to this adverse impression.

The developed film initially reveals an obsessive cataloguing of the unpleasantness and discomfort of a jungle expedition, but when the entire life of this they begin to kill and torture animals to spare things up a bit. By the time they meet the Tree People they are ready for rape and murder, planning to pass it off as intertribal warfare. Also, the leader, excitedly declines sub-Mussolini style about the week giving war to the strong as he supervises the burning alive of a group of Tree People. One of the TV people viewing the film thinks it should be broadcast as that people can make up their own minds - it seems fair enough that if the viewer doubts their fate upon themselves the world should be told, rather than be left to believe it was because of the "terrorism" of the natives, but Newman (and Deodato) argue that



the film should be banned - a startling (and not isolated) example of a "Video Vandal" which argues for the suppression of "Video Nasties". These include the notion that he is brutalized and dehumanized - "The more you rape their senses, the more they want to like it."

What they can next convince the others of Norrie's argument: After some vaginal assistance the artists strike back in the chillingly realistic climax. The apocalyptic flight is hampered by their obsessive filming of the chase (if the well-documented denizens of some real life war reporters) - "No, no really get involved in the edit this time, staying to film the last bit. Now I don't even know where we are." One by one they are caught, beaten, castrated, efficiently stripped down to skeletons and eaten. Also becomes a victim of his own philosophy was his teenage daughter tells him that it's more important to get the film back to civilization than to stay and help him. It's the survivor's apprentice who falls last: The artists crowd over him, stabbing him and the moment of death, recorded on his face, takes up the final few frames of the film (POGGING TIM in the jungle!)

As he leaves the TV studio Pearson wonders "Who are the real cannibals?" Well they're the guys who eat people.

"Nobody had heard of CANNIBAL HOLocaust..." said one British distributor "...till I wrote to Mary Whiteley complaining about it. Once she got in on the act I couldn't run off enough copies to meet demand." A camp operator for sure, but ultimately such tactics (of SHUFF) were to prove an overkill. As if to establish Dondale's movie credentials, HOLocaust experienced distribution difficulties in Italy because not everyone was convinced that the special effects were effects. On the other hand...it was precisely this farcical quality that made the film a big hit in Japan. As big that a sequel, CANNIBAL PART was announced. This was subsequently abandoned in favor of Dondale's projected history of zombies, VOOODOO REVENGE, but that never made it to the screen either. Dondale was back in the jungle for 1984's CUT AND RUN, and 1985 saw his series into with 'a' class territory with BROTHERHOOD CANNIBAL HOLocaust II has been announced, as keep your fingers crossed for that one.

Further testimony to the power of CANNIBAL HOLocaust is the fact that Umberto Lenzi's CANNIBAL FEROUS FROM THE SLUGS (1980), though it dispenses with the double-narrative format, is virtually a remake of the "Vile victim a film." In fact FEROUS actually manages to top HOLocaust for harrowing violence - in Dondale's film the bad guys are hunted down and killed, in gruesome fashion ultimately, but the narrative revenge in FEROUS is the worse for being prolonged, ceremonial torture. Those who saw the truncated version, which is sold as silk, must have been puzzled by the film's inclusion on the Southern VHS list, but the full-length effort (which was indeed screened out and even with a penis symbol) and a volume bag up with bones through her breasts.

As is Nicholas Roeg's WALKABOUT. The wilderness action is bookended by families when scenes for dramatic contrast. Two families whose collective vocabulary seems to consist exclusively of the terms "Shit-face" and "Motherfucker" are searching New York for a guy called Mike who turned them in a drug deal. But he's been denied it to suffer illness - a cannibal-infested jungle. There he meets up with a lady professor who has a sharp grip of anthropology - she plans to discover three reported incidents of cannibalism in the apparent belief that this will establish that "Cannibalism as an organized human practice does not exist and historically has never existed - the mythical lie of the cannibal feral."



USE TO REMOVE A CONTENT LINK "CANNIBAL FEROUS" STILL

But I don't understand that either, but her challenge puts the argument in a nutshell - "You can't see it in hell."

Mike (John Mervin) insists on the beneficial effects of isolation but clearly is getting more creased with each hour. However, his idiot girl sidekick's search for cock leaves in the jungle as a timely reminder that the Bible forbids had been missing the stuff for centuries before it was introduced to the alienated Westerners' hipsters who we will soon be led to believe are surviving on their diabolic sustenance.

The usual staff is trotted out - natives chewing segs ("New disgusting"), segs chewing natives (also pretty disgusting), even "A pop-walking queen." When they reach a native village Mike demonstrates white supremacy by killing a pig. When concerned for this act he says "Do you get off on ecology, twit?" What a thornier bit! Mike soon makes the inevitable transaction from pop-walker to rapist, with his girlfriend facing a sad end as an exorcism of unacknowledged incest. Another feature of these sunny jungle segs. But even she draws the line when he kills a native. He responds with the courtesy we have come to expect, "Get off my case, motherfucker!"

Mike witnesses Mike's brutal behavior as a reaction to "A bad scene" - a friend of his was captured by the natives - "They castrated him with a anchor... (deep breath) then they ate his CROTCH." Delivered with much eye-rolling and teeth-grinding, this line is inevitably greeted with hysterical audience laughter. But Mike's account turns out to be "Bastard" - the native treatment of his friend had been due to the whites unraveling sexually towards them ("I'll bet they - man! the time I feel a bit tired and the only way to get it out of my system is to eat some guy's dough") He's pushed them back in the level of animals, they're an unrepresented they'll do anything" while one of the professor's team. "Yeah and the bad news is we'll all pay" in the cheering reply "... (movement or guilt). They use's split hairs" No, but they'll split hairs! The aforementioned audience-eye commiseration, but they eat - the lady prof excuses and returns home to present her dissertation "Cannibalism - One of a myth." The moral is just be nice to the natives and they won't eat you. Thanks a lot Umberto. But this wasn't all he had to say as the subject. Oh, so, as long as we are on location, had the episode, I was fascinated and we're very concerned on hand, plus a notorious pit of stock footage...er, local colour. Local was a going to be around. The early 80's were a busy time for the director (who sometimes signs himself Murphy Murbert) - NIGHTMARE CITY aka CITY OF THE MALLING DEAR (1980) ranks as the most demented film in that ever demented of sub-genres, the zombie film, featuring as it does, walking dead who seduce the local killing and spilling is ferocious of jumping out of sewers-plumes with hissing snake-like gase. There's also an Italian variation on the over-popular "Do it or die" theme, oh no it wasn't eating.



Next JOURNAL HELL plays (1980), SATUR 4/10, FOLLOWED BY THE CANNIBAL GOD, CANNIBAL APOCALYPSE, CANNIBAL MAN and more, all in SAVANNA 4. No self-respecting cannibal would be seen without it!



THIS IS NOW THEY SERVE UP THAT CANNIBAL HOLocaust BURN BRADING IN "CANNIBAL FEROUS" LUCKY JOHN MERVIN IS PLACED UNDER A TABLE WITH A HOLE IN IT THROUGH WHICH THE TOP OF HIS HEAD FITS...



A CANNIBAL THEN LAYS OUT THE EXPOSED TOP OF JOURNAL'S HEAD WITH A SHARP INSTRUMENT IN MUCH THE SAME MANNER AS YOU OR I WOULD REMOVE THE TOP OF A BOLLER EGG, AND LO AND BEHOLD... BRAINS IN A BOWL.



THIS is the part of **SARJIN** where you can track down that elusive piece of horror film-related material that you are looking for and it won't cost you a penny to do so. As you can see a lot of readers have already taken the opportunity to advertise their wares and so from issue four this service will also be open to people selling horror film merchandise.

Simply write down what you either want or are selling (and please note it clear which section they are to go in) in a maximum of 30 words then add your name, address and/or phone number and send it to the editorial address on page three marking your envelope "Collector's Corner."

This is an entirely free service (the things we do for you) and all ads should arrive by June 20 in order to be included in the July-August issue (No. 4). In the meantime don't forget all the ads on this page are for **MARTS** and are not open for sale. For obvious reasons we cannot accept any advertisements for "Hides Baiters." Sorry.

ANYTHING TO DO WITH A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET. Also any horror film stills and information as to where I can purchase some large for sale. Mr. M.C.S. Tucker, 39 Kildon Road, Victoria Park,ournemouth BH9 2BU.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK Starburst poster magazine in nearly mint condition James Selter 4, Mills Drive, Seaford, East Sussex, BN25 3BU

FANGORIA Nos 11, 12, 20, 31, 29, 30, 45. Also Dean Baker's "Coca Cola" and "Commemorative" Guide to the Contemporary Horror Film. John McGarry's "Video Screams" and good condition videos of **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** and **DAWN OF THE DEAD**. Richard Bissley, 9 Marlton Way, Haverbrook, Lancaster LA1 5BN.

POSTERS for Argento's BIRD WITH THE CRYSTAL PLUMAGE, DEEP RED, SUSPIRIA, INFERNO and FOUR PLEAS ON GREY VELVET. Graham Foley, 2 Shenley Lane, Wesley Castle, Stranaghan, E26 5PL.

ORIGINAL movie posters for THE EVIL DEAD and NIGHTMARE IN A DAMAGED BRAIN. John Mathers, 24 Aalard Road, Stratford, London E25 3UL.

FANGORIA Nos 1-12 and No. 41. David Gracie, 11 Mountpleasant Road, Rutherglen, Isle of Bute, Scotland PA22 9BQ.

U.S. good poster for A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET. E. Bawick, 53 Myvera Avenue, Long Eaton, Nottinghamshire NG10 1AE.

"BARBARAS COLLING AND THE CRISTY MITCH" by Marilyn Ross. **"THE NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS"** (book based on the film) and Sax Rosner's **"THE SAT FLVS LOU"**. Mr. M. Unpleby, 125 Clifton Common, Beighmore, West Yorkshire E86 4JW.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD novel by John Russo published by NEL (not the recent filmbook), **DAWN OF THE DEAD** novel (if one exists), **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** good condition VHS video and any other material relating to Russo's **SUBVERSIVE** trilogy. Lance A. Harley, 22 Queens Road, Eastworth, Warrickshire CV8 2JQ.

ANY ARGENTO film posters and soundtrack for DEONDS.

Tony Gibson, 17, Meadowfield Terrace, Palsborough, Ferret Hill, New-castle-Upon-Tyne, NE12 9HS.

QUATERMASS related material. Collector seeks anything on this subject. Please phone Harrison DL-997 9222.

MOGELS (mainly Bialy models) from the TV show **THUNDERBOLTS, CAPTAIN CHARLEY, STINGRAY.** Caneth James, 51 Corney Lane, Barnwood, Walsall, Staffs W67 5BH.

POSTERS, stills, cuttings etc. of Sybil Seenting (of **MYSTLE BEFORE THE STARS** and **BOWLING 11** fame). Please call 3913, weekdays after 4pm and ask for Alan.

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW posters, photos, programmes. "London" 18, Newport Street, Tiverton, Devon EX16 6RL.

CLON in the dark monster film, preferably stills boxed and unboxed. David Williamson, 127 Rochdale Road East, Heywood, Lancashire OL10 1QF.

PSYCHOTRONIC Film Encyclopedia and **HOUSE OF HORROR** Nos 2, 3, 5 and 6. Jim Ward, 230 Beaver Road, Ashford, Kent TN23 1SF.

FANGORIA No. 38 and any **EVIL DEAD** material. Anthony Carey, 35 Hawthorn Croft, Oldbury, Warley, W. Midlands B68 0DP.

POSTER for the film **SALON'S LOT** Michael Banna, "Speedbriary Court," 3 Myrtle Street, Appleton, North Devon EX38 1PB.

NAMMER/Cushing/Lee material (especially books). Ian Taylor, 4 Mountcarron Close, Over Hulton, Bolton, Gt. Manchester M16 1BT.

FANGORIA Nos. 38 and 40, also the second **BATASHOPHIE** by THE SPECIEN. Ben Squares, 5 Atherton Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire LE11 2SH.

HORRORS OF THE SCORCH (very old fanzine), any other fanzines from about 25 years ago and any **Nammer/Peter Cushing** items. Melvyn Green, 8 Cartfield Avenue, Salford 7, Greater Manchester, Lancs.

FANGORIA Nos 17 and 35 and any photos of "Cannibal" or "Dumbie" films. E. White, 22 Stephenson Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight PO31 7ZF.

ANYTHING TO DO WITH CEMETERIES. John Hall, 90 Hurst Lye Road, Altherton, Liverpool L18 7VX.

FANGORIA Nos 23, 34, 39, 51, 35, 37 and 38. Also any **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE** and **THE WILLS HAVE EYES** items. William Stevens JR, 11a Dolls House, South End, Farnham, Surrey GU9 0NU.

NIGHTMARE MOVIES by Elm Newman. Also the paperback novel **MARTIN** by George Romero and the **DAWN OF THE DEAD** poster. ang. Jon Calles C/O the **SARJIN** editorial address.

VIDEO SCREENS (U.S. book), **House of Horror** No. 3, **World of Horror** No. 2, also posters/stills from **HOUSE BY THE CEMETERY, MARK OF THE DEVIL** and **NEW YORK SLIPPERS**.

W. Reames, 3 Pinfield Close, Cockermouth, Cumbria CA13 9JM.



Due to the large number of adverts for the Collector's Corner section I am afraid there isn't room to go into any detailed reviews of the fanzines received but you've got the best information to be getting on with.

If you want your horror film fanzine to be reviewed in the next issue of **SARJIN** please make sure we receive it by June 20 (and don't forget you'll get a copy of **SARJIN** in exchange). If you send off for any of the fanzines mentioned below please tell them you read about them in **SARJIN**.

VERBOSITY Issue 5 (10 pages) 20p (plus a first class stamp for postage). Includes **TEXAS 3, HOUSE OF HORROR, VIDEO SCREENS, LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT, SPLITTER** UNKIDETS, **NIGHT TRINITY** HURRORS. Available from Nigel Bartlett, 30 Vicar Street, Metchesbury, West Midlands WS10 5WP.

HORROR VINES Issue 1 (4 pages) 25p (plus first class stamp for postage). Includes reviews of **ALIENS, THE HIBERNIA, DEONDS, THE FLY, CLYDE CRIS** **SALLA SAVANNA, INFRADORS** from NALG. Available from Andrew Davis, 25 Colcliff Road, Wellesbury, West Midlands WS23 9BN.

PIECES OF PUZZ Issue 2 (20 pages) 50p (plus first class stamp for postage). Includes **Shawn** interview and short story, **WILLIE EXULTS**, **James Herbert's The Magic Circle** and **Clive Barker's** **Demetrios** comic. Also, available from George James, 31 Corney Lane, Barnwood, Walsall, West Midlands W67 5BN.

MARTIN'S DANGER Issue 1 (22 pages) 75p (plus first class stamp). Includes **Posters** a **William** style, **Terence** **Tristram**, **the horror** **fantasy** **film** of 1985 reviewed, **GREENPUS**, **NO-ARMY**, **RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**, **HOUSE**. Available from Paul Gibson, 63 Geoffrey Street, Chorley, Lancashire PR6 0NF.

A LITTLE CHRISTIAN HORROR (24 pages) 50p (plus first class stamp). Complete original comic script and stories including an adaptation of **R.P. Lovecraft's** **The Firm Beyond** and an illustrated werewolf story. Available from Andrew Pope Jay, 173 Walsall (Walsall) Road, Bolebrook East, Glasgow G21 2BU.

HOLLYWOOD NOISE AND POSTER KIDS Free as long as enough money in U.S. funds to send 28 **USPS** postage.

A WOODLEY film-film/film/film. The current issue (I've had mine it yet) should be 40 pages and include **Herschell Gordon Lewis** and **Bruce Campbell**. Available from Eric J. Cretin, Hollywood Book and Poster Co, 1706 N. Lee Palace Ave, Bellwood, California 90039.

THE EVIL DEAD

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE...)

SUDDENLY: SCOTT BURSTS IN.



BUT HE EVENTUALLY DEFEATS THE GIRL HE ONCE LOVED.



A VICTORY WHICH IS ONLY A CHARADE FOR AS ASH BURIES LINDA'S BODY...



HE RETURNS TO FIND SCOTT DEAD AND CHERYL ESCAPED



AND WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE ELUSIVE CREATURE...



HE DISCOVERS THE EVIL EXTENT OF HER POWER...



AND THAT SCOTT HAS BECOME THE HOST OF YET ANOTHER OF THE SPIRITS OF KUN-DARR.





THEN CHERYL MAKES
HER ENTRANCE...



BUT AS ASH
RUNS...



HE FALLS



A POWER IS GRASPED...

...BROUGHT DOWN
UPON HIM...



AND THERE IS PAIN..!

AND THROUGH THE HAZE OF PAIN HE
NOTICES THE WHIPS OF STICKS FROM
SCOTT AND THE BOOK...



COULD THERE BE
A CONNECTION?



SCOTT FINDS THE FORMER
CAN LEAVE TO THE GROUND

AND THAT
YOU CAN
THROW IT
FAR ENOUGH



HE CAN



JOIN US
JOIN US
JOIN US
JOIN US
JOIN US



AND IT HAS NEVER BEEN THIS
BEAUTIFUL...



AND THROUGH THE DOOR, THE
SUN BATHES YOUR FACE



BEFORE



END (4)

Spinning In The Grave



BY MARK HOCKLEY

SOUNDTRACK music is at last becoming acknowledged as a major force in film today and with its increasing importance and quality, more and more people are beginning to collect the works of leading composers like Jerry Goldsmith, John Barry, John Williams, James Newson etc. I for one, applaud the emergence of the many great talents like these at work in today's film industry, their music now taking the art of sound and vision around towards new and more exciting horizons.

And it is, especially in the genres of horror, fantasy and science fiction that music has made the greatest impression. You only have to listen to the scores for movies like *MILWYN*, *SUSPENSE*, *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* trilogy to find the most innovative and atmospheric use of music to be found in film.

THE FLY Composed and conducted by **HOWARD SHORE**
(Varèse Sarabande, RVF 81281) recommended price \$5.49

Another worthwhile release from Varèse who have been making it their business to make available a large variety of fine soundtrack music. Those familiar with the films of David Cronenberg will undoubtedly know the name of Howard Shore. Having previously supplied scores for *THE BROOD*, *SCANNERS* and *RIDICULOUS*, he has shown himself to be an interesting and talented film composer. His music for *SCANNERS* is particularly, showing great promise. And now, with the soundtrack for Cronenberg's excellent remake of *THE FLY*, he has fulfilled his early promise. Unlike Shore's other works, he has employed a full scale orchestra for this score, abandoning his usual synthesized style. And in taking this decision, he has triumphed magnificently.

Anyone seeing the film and coming away moved by its emotionally charged finale would surely have to acknowledge the integral part Shore's music played in achieving this effect. From the brooding main title to the outstanding theme, first heard on the track "Please Don't Let Me Go", the music plays a major part in the film's development finally coming back to the one in the finale.

Shore creates an emotional and inspiring music score which perfectly complements Cronenberg's visual style. It is a soundtrack of many subtleties and a major work to boot. With Cronenberg's next film *WARS* it is likely we will have a new score by Shore and if *THE FLY* is anything to go on, it will be something to watch out for. If film music is meant to uplift and enhance, then there is no better example than this. Howard Shore brings *THE FLY* to life.



LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR CLARKE... JEFF GOLDBLUM IS A SCORER FROM "THE FLY."

VAMP Composed and performed by **JOE TIAN P.1145**
(Varèse Sarabande, RVF 81282) recommended price \$5.99

Anyone who saw the film version of Stephen King's short story *CHILDREN OF THE DUNE* may not have been totally impressed with the movie itself but would possibly still have taken note of the fine music score. This was the work of Jonathan Elias, a young man trying to make his mark in the fiercely competitive world of film composing. However, with *VAMP* now safely under his belt, he can't fail to hold an interesting and notable career for himself.

The score for *VAMP* is one of the most exciting and ambitious works I have heard to date. With its extensive use of drum programming and synthesizers it is film music at its most powerful and should be heard and not just left to sit silently somewhere in the background. Many tracks on the album impress, but the electric "Escape From The Fire" on side two, stands out. With so many other composers using large orchestras and symphonic sounds, admittedly to great effect, it is refreshing to come across someone trying something different, following in the footsteps of John Carpenter, this score by Jonathan Elias is one to watch. A fall of atmosphere and inspiration and I for one will look forward with anticipation to his next work which will, I am sure, establish him as one of the best young composers around at the moment.

BALLONED II Composed and performed by **JOHN CARPENTER** in association with **ELIAS ROSENTHAL** (Varèse Sarabande, RVF 81215)

Admittedly an oddie, this one, but a real golden oddie and well worth digging up. But why not review the original? Well, I'll tell you why. The second album, which still contains the superb main theme and most of the best cues from the first film, is simply better.

Production is superior and the synthesizers now used are far more advanced than those on *BALLONED*. Also, Carpenter has enlisted the very able help of Elias Rosenthal, who gives us a polished production, plus sleeve notes on the scoring of the film. You need only compare the two versions of the main title on each of the albums to see the greater depth and quality that *BALLONED II* has.

That said, we shouldn't overlook the original's raw energy which endears it to the listener. In addition, Carpenter, on a relatively low budget, could only use the equipment available to him at the time. We all in all, the score for *BALLONED II* is an excellent "Clarification" of his first film. It is certainly one of the most effective pieces of film music ever written and it is a point to remember that John Carpenter is indeed unique, in that he is not only an excellent director but also, very probably, the finest composer of electronic/synthesized music the film industry has ever seen or heard!

THE CRYPT OF DR. CADAVEROUS

PURVEYOR OF
STRANGE
ARTEFACTS

The Crypt
36 LANSHERE ROAD,
LANCASTER, LANCS,
LA1 5EX...





DARIO ARGENTO: IS MURDER, IS SANGRE, IT THRILLING Fabio Covacci
(Edizioni Debolis)

A recent, well researched book on Italian director/professor Dario Argento, written by a young (28) Roman author and covering all the director's films up to and including *SPRING* (1982).

Argento's life and career are tackled, along with the influences which affected his films, including a chapter on the subject of music, a very important part of any Argento movie.

The photographs reproduced (some from horrible & ghastly *Asia* *Piccola* shot from 1970/71 to the unusual (behind the scenes) as well as some nice Japanese artwork. An extract from the screenplay of *PHOBIA* (1974) rounds off the book to good effect. Titled "The construction of murder" it concerns the death of Vera Gebuhr, played by the director's daughter, Fiore, and makes an interesting comparison with the scene in the finished film.

As is with a very good book, worth buying if you can read Italian. If not the £5.95 cost this reviewer to buy a copy would be better spent on other things as the style and some of the very poor quality indeed.



STYLING: POSSIBLE ARGENTO'S FAVORITE

STEPHEN KING AT THE MOVIES Jessica Hahn (Stapton Press) \$5.95
(paper)

King fans still reeling from the shock of hearing that IT has been bought by American TV can cheer themselves up with this excellent guide to King's so-far-filmed works, up to and including the yet-to-be-released in this country *MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE* which, by all accounts suggests King is more at home with a pen than a camera.

The book is a horror film fan's dream, but only in every King movie covered, chronologically with an excellent selection of stills (about half of which are in colour) but there are few interviews with a number of big name names involved in bringing King's work to the screen. These include John Carpenter (*CHRISTINE*), Vera Hopper (*SALEM'S LOT*), George Romero (*CREPUSCULE* which for some strange reason is the only film to have no credits listing in the book, only cast) and Lewis Teague (*CUJO* and *CAT'S PAW*) the director who, more so than all the others, has faithfully captured some of the essence of King in a movie.

Had of course the book wouldn't be complete without an interview with the man himself which provides a nice prologue to the main coverage of the films. Each film is well summarized and reviewed and there are some fascinating snippets of information that should please all trivia buffs. For example on *THE DEAD ZONE* director Cromberg, in order to get Christopher Walken to flinch involuntarily at the scenes where Johnny has his visions, would fire a .357 Magnum then frightening the shit out of Walken and resulting in some very realistic flinching.

A number of volumes have been written about King's writing (*PHAS* *ITSELF* edited by The Underwood and Chuck Miller is one of the best) but *STEPHEN KING AT THE MOVIES* is certainly the definitive guide to the films.



THE CHINESE IS A MAN WHO KNOWS

HORRORBOOKS Gene Wright (Dove and Charles) £15

Unfortunately quality reference books on the horror film are few and far between. Admittedly last year saw the publication of Phil Hardy's annual *MOVIE FILM ENCYCLOPEDIA VOLUME 3 HORROR* but as a rule you have to wade through a pile of "Picture books" (you know the sort, lots of full page colour stills and little else) before you come across something worth reading.

Although not nearly as comprehensive as the *MOVIE* volume Gene Wright's *HORRORBOOKS* is an invaluable addition to any fan's bookshelf and where it really does score is in its inclusion of horror in radio, theatre and television. So alongside Universal's *FRANKENSTEIN* and Terry Fisher's *FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL* we find mention of the 1981 Broadway stage version that closed in one night registering a \$2 million loss that making it Broadway's most catastrophic flop and rank it alongside the cinema's *HEAVEN'S GATE*.

And even better than this is the inclusion of TV movies, then much maligned sub-genre that seems to get very little coverage. Let's not forget that Spillberg's *1975* was originally made for television and is duly included in the book along with the likes of *GARFIELD* (1972), *THE DARK SECRET OF HARVEST HOME* (1974), *LOON MONT* (1975) to *ROSEMARY'S BAY* (1976), *MOON OF THE WOLF* (1977) and a host of others.

Of equal interest are the television programmes covered which range from the old favorites like *THE MONSTERS*, *THE TWILIGHT ZONE* and *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS* (both the old fifties/sixties one and the new 1985 series) as that delight as an animated *KING KONG* (1966-69) and William S. Burt Foster's *CIRCLE OF FEAR* (1973). But of course it's the feature films you are really interested in and they do comprise the bulk of this 300 page book.

It is divided into 12 chapters with each titled as: "Crucies and Freaks", "Gothic/Supernatural", "Werewolves and Other Shape-Shifters" and "Splatter" and (especially an extensive index at the back makes looking up a particular film as easy task (horror-film-book writers please take note, there's nothing more annoying than a book without an index to the films contained therein). Each chapter also contains a brief introduction followed by reviews/summaries/plots for films/TV shows/plays that fit into that category and although there are bound to be mistakes Wright gets in some of the important stuff.

I say most as there are a couple of serious faults, not least of which is the exclusion of Dario Argento from the chapter on the "Horror-Masters" which nevertheless includes Maurice Roisneux (as knowledge Christopher Lee was't in *THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN WARRIORS* (1973) and John Carpenter didn't direct *HALLGATE II* and *HALLGATE III*). Another vexatious omission is Carpenter's *THE THING* but we will make allowances and this should be offset by an otherwise excellent tome, illustrated with over 125 black and white photos *HORRORBOOKS* isn't exactly cheap but that said, it's well worth having up for, providing, as it does, a comprehensive guide to horror, not only on the big screen but the small one, the stage and the radio.

HORROR HOLWOOD Chas. Babin (Fantasy Enterprises) \$9.95 (paper)

Chas Babin (owner the long-out-of-printed wildly enthusiastic rock & roll-album press), and often seems more concerned with getting on to the next wine-crank than bothering to list things like alternative titles or release dates for films. *HORROR HOLWOOD* is hardly the most definitive reference work of all time - for instance Babin pays lip service to the idea that Dario Argento is one of the modern masters, and cites Mario Bava as a towering influence on the genre, but offers no real evidence to the uninitiated to substantiate these claims. But although he doesn't really say anything you haven't heard before, he does it with such gusto and obvious passion for his personal favorites (*TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE*, *THE SERIAL* and *RE-ANIMATOR*) that he wins this round around readers, the tasteful shot of Chas, posing with bloodied machetes in front of his *CANNIBAL FEVER* poster testifies to the fact that he's a *SUMMER* kind of guy. What will really stick a place in your heart for *HORROR HOLWOOD* is the volume of the illustrations, called from Eric Cadden's Hollywood Book and Poster Co. - posters and stills, some of which you will have seen before, as well as lot of which you won't; lap artwork, lots of candid stuff, almost P.O.R. stills for *DOCTOR BUTCHER M.D.* and a shot from that sleazy *RE-ANIMATOR* scene.



EYES DEAD (11) DEAD BY DAWN (Pulse) 95 minutes

EYES DEAD II, subtitled DEAD BY DAWN on the publicity but not the film, is without doubt the most frantic film of the year. With hardly a pause for breath it careens through 85 minutes of thrills and gore - and I loved it. Imagine a cross between a Tom and Jerry cartoon, an EC comic "Tales From The Crypt" story and a ghost train ride and you get some of the flavor of the film.

It's reminiscent of Jay Doner's TWILIGHT ZONE - THE MOVIE episode served up and peddled out to feature length. EYES DEAD II is a true horror comedy, is the best example of the phrase, and has my vote for the funniest film of the year, however it won't get my vote for the scariest simply because it is too cartoonish; it is too tortile you root characters you can identify with - these heels are just too comical to take seriously.

After the opening, in which a narrator tells us about the Book of the Dead, the action starts straight away with Ash (Bruce Campbell, who suffers no end in the name of art) repeating the climax of the previous film by decapitating and burying his girlfriend, Linda (Debra Rinker). Of course a good corpse doesn't lie down and before he can say goodbye, the twee is up and doing an aerobic routine while the severed hand tries to bare his fingers for supper.

Into the scene comes Annie (Sarah Berry) daughter of the late Professor Raymond Gashy, who had originally found and deciphered the book. She is investigating what became of her father after he arrived back in the USA, and has in the byrined Ed (Richard Dauer) who doesn't last five minutes, and local hicks Jake and Robbie Joe, who bring with her another few pages of the Book of the Dead, which provide instructions for disposing of the dead.

Annie's possessed mother, Beretta, turns up in the cellar and causes a lot of problems for Annie and Ash who, after such anguish, consign her to oblivion along with Ed and most of the local woodland.

The plot is totally redundant, being just sufficient to move the film from one set-piece to the next. This usual lack of story only becomes obvious during the occasional expository scenes, when you get the absurd feeling that the film really isn't going anywhere but then it's back to the action, and worries about plot are quickly forgotten.

The entire film seems to have been shot using a Steadicam which is endlessly prowling, or more viciously tearing, through the undergrowth or round the cottage. The shot normally ends up as the terrified face of Ash, who understandably gets pretty miffed by all the attention given him by the demons, and fights back knee-deep with chainsaws in one ear and gun in another.

The photography by Peter Dowling is superb and gives the film the feel of an old B-film color SF/horror epic, in all the laborious scenes especially. However the special effects are the stars of the show, coming into almost every scene, whether it be Ash dismembered (in a really terrible anti-shit) against a blood-red sun, Ash trying to remove his own head with a chainsaw, or Ash being swallowed by a monster from hell, etc... Notice how all these things happen to Ash - I can't praise Bruce Campbell enough; he does a brilliant job with tough material and maintains an expression of near-identity long after the rest of us would have flipped entirely. None over Paul Henning...

If you've had a tough week, EYES DEAD II will come as a real tonic; it's fast, mindless and superbly entertaining. Just leave your brain at home and enjoy. By the way, watch out for director Sam Raimi at the end as a bright is shining error!

TORIC AVENUE (Blue Dolphin) 98 minutes

TORIC AVENUE, from acm-of-the-earth outfit THORA, reaches these shores three years late and wastes 11 minutes of ultra-violence. The cuts have been made so clumsily that at times it's hard to figure out what the hell is going on, elsewhere it's obvious what the action is leading up to, but we are cheated to the splatter pay-off - a tantalizing experience for goreheads. Supply this butchered remnant in still a laugh--minutes monster movie spoof - local nerds Helwig, running away from his tormentors, falls into a vat of toxic waste and is transformed into the eponymous superhero (in the misnaming of Hsuangyuh's "A Night on the Bare Mountain") who proceeds to sort out the local low-lives (apparently 99% of the population) in graphic fashion.

There's enough tit and bus, plus-ches of horror movie cliché, martial arts sequences and general high-spirited vulgarity along the way to keep the average Szechuanese grinning from ear to ear. I've got mixed feelings about viewing the complete prize - for once I was almost glad of censorship, sparing us as it did the (real) killing of a blind girl's galee dog. We in the SARASAS office can take as much comfort as the cat-crunching on the Toulouse can throw at us, because we know it's all staged. But cruelty to animals in the cause of making a fast buck is not so, guys.

GOTHIC (Virgins) 87 minutes

Now that everyone else has finally caught up with him, Leo Gullini finds himself quite at home in the pop video industry. On the evidence of his latest feature film, GOTHIC, he should spend more time at home.

The simple story (Lead Byron and his troupe, the Shellies and Dr. Felder) hole up in a Swiss chalet, load up an epic and get down to some disturbed hunting - see scene adds a whole new meaning to the expression "Shagpile carat" - as a prelude to Mary Shelley writing FRANKENSTEIN) is freighted with the visual non-sequiturs that are Gullini's stock-in-trade. Though this approach occasionally threatens to slip something interesting about, for instance, the way synchronicity and paranormal experiences are presented by the construction of hallucinations (just think what Rick Hong might have made of that) and there's a highly effective lift from P. Lovecraft's story THE OCTOPUS, by and large the director's scattered box of tricks doesn't dole for Gothic horror.

Thomas Dolby's score is miserably disappointing, re-tying "deary music" clichés right-to-the-bar, and at one point breaking in to the theme from JAWS for Chuska. Ultimately the only thing conveyed by all this noise and fury is that the characters aren't too keen on dying - well, into the club!

Now it's not exactly unheard of for stupid things to happen in a Bussell film, and for this to happen the most lurid and garish manner that is hardly possible. What is beyond me here is how such frankly appalling performances were cranked from such attractive and talented leads as Gabriel Byrne and Natasha Richardson. Perhaps the former was cast as the "bad, but not dangerous to know" aristo because his surname is a near-anagram of Byrne's - if there was any more compelling reason than this he seems to be unaware of it, standing around trying to make up his mind which leg to lay in the gamey sex, sporting pseudo-productant as such a way as to make one wonder why everyone was supposed to have found such a handsome fellow such an irresistible. Ms. Richardson's Scottish accent is as audible as Byrne's leg, and her awkwardness seems more down to sheer embarrassment than any characterization of Shelley's gauche young wife.

As plans to cross these two will be decaying their C.V.'s to suit any reference to GOTHIC, but Julian Sands as Shelley takes the proverbial biscuit, looking in a performance that would get his laugh off the set of CAMERAMAN. If good acting consisted of shrieking and pulling faces this guy would get an Oscar. Maybe it was all that opium snuffing that got him chewing the scenery. Only Timothy Spall (harshly of TV's NEW WINGSPRINGS) as Dr. Felder emerges with any scrap of credit, as escape-act to rival any of Rodden's. Of course, the actors had little alternative but to go over the top, confronted with a script that's as subtle as a flying chicken. For instance the notice that Byron himself was the model for the sleeper of Gothic fiction is suggested by having his perform cunnilingus on a screaming young woman (not recommended in these AIDS-conscious days). Later the principals adjourn to a cellar, where the eye-rolling recipient of these oral attentions neither takes it as Richardson crawls around vomiting - for one surreal scene I thought the projectionist had slipped as a reel from PINK FLAMINGO. But the one chat brought the house down was Shelley's "O.K. I do know a bit now - I can handle it" routine. The danger of emphasizing this "Intellectual comedy" angle is that the reader may get the impression that he or she will enjoy watching GOTHIC. Let us assure you, you won't. The overwhelming audience response was summed up nicely by one of Felder's lines - "I don't want to hear what you have to say...I want to kill you!"

Fortunately (1) the director wasn't in the audience, as the latter porters settled for expressing their verdict by waving with their feet. Russell can do a lot better than this, but then again so could a film/TV star. GOTHIC: Gothic as two short plays.





REVIEWERS

Impressions:

A clutch of good looking girls willing to disrobe w/ lives.
The witness number of "accidents" necessary to keep the story moving (don't forget the minority teenagers)
A copy script that's a rehash of a rehash of that famous film from 20 years ago.
A dash of references to **MARS NEEDS WOMEN**
Some gross subplots.
One, or perhaps two, if you can afford it, rather amateur exits that look like rejects from Paul Blaisdell's public school.
Power-armor and direction (and almost everything else) from a couple of people who are still reading their "Villains of Southern" book.
Mix in a little intentional humor to amuse and sit back for 90 minutes.
Et voila..... **BROODERS.**

VIRGIN AMONG THE LIVING DEAD (George, Fantasy)

VIRGIN AMONG THE LIVING DEAD...hmm, looks an interesting title. "A ghoulish journey through the very centre of hell!" - yes an appealing all-lies. Directed by Jean Frank. Uh, oh! It can't be another Jean Frank picture can it? Oh yes it can for **VIRGIN** is in fact France's LA MARSHON DE LOS MUERTOS VIVIENTES (1982) minus all the nudity and sex.

What is left is a completely incomprehensible tale about a girl coming to cheer up the estate of her dead father on a small island off the coast of France. Well the film consists of her thrashing around in bed moaning a lot. The living dead appear from time to time, stagger around, and try to look threatening. Some of them badly need a visit to the dentist. In its attempt to mix reality and dreams a la **DISCIPLE** OF THE BOMBARDIER especially the film succeeds only in making a total mess. You get the feeling France must footage for those or four films simultaneously then edited them together at random. By the way, the film ends with the girl in bed thrashing around... For France fans and completists only.

BOOZ COUNTY (TVS)

In 1962 Bruce Fessell was the world speedway championship final in America following a controversial clash in one heat with England's Emory Carter in which Carter crashed (he was pushed) thus destroying his hopes of bringing the crown back home. Last year Carter made the headlines again when he blasted his wife with a shotgun before taking his own life. He had suspected his wife of having an affair. In the same year Ipswich speedway rider Billy Sanders took his own life after finding out that his wife was having an affair with Coventry rider Gary Goughland (who is currently doing time in Australia on drugs charges).

What's there got to do with **BOOZ COUNTY**? Well apart from the fact that former speedway star Fessell is also the star of this appalling mess, and which effort, absolutely bugged all, but it's a damn sight more interesting!



BRUCE FESSELL, IN SPAINISH ACTION FOR THE USA. WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH "BOOZ COUNTY"? READ THE REVIEW.

DAY OF THE DEAD (Entertainment)

There are those of us who feel that George Romero is a really underrated director. To us directors, **DAY OF THE DEAD** comes as a pleasant surprise. It's predecessor, **DAWN OF THE DEAD**, was the "Waiting for Godot" of gore, its old gag (zombies = zombies) went to single-cell inebriated over. Creative length (what's more Fulci's slashes quickie **CONRIS FLUSH EATERS** effectively beat it at its own game).

DAY however, is everything that film should have been and gave a long way towards developing the vision Romero had for it - "The zombies are developing intellect and they are developing towards the destruction of human society and the establishment of a revolutionary social order." **DAY** however has its Philip K. Dick-like message of the dehumanization of man relative to their inhuman adventures with, among others, bio-robotic military men, a mad scientist who fancies himself as the **Barbare Woodhouse** of the living dead, and Bob, the apocalyptic zombie, all walked up in the type of claustrophobic environment which Romero favours.

Tom Savini finally comes of age with truly mind-boggling special effects. It's always had this guy marked down as a second-rate, but his work in **DAY** puts him right up there with the **Hotties** and **Barbare** of this world. In fact the zombie, who were just whizzed up for **KIDNAP OF THE LIVING DEAD** and billed up for **DAWN OF THE DEAD**, now look like the **Barbare** creations is Michael Jackson's **THRILLER**. While accolades are being handed out, I mustn't forget the ace cinematography of Michael Gornick.

It's not all good news though - Romero can't resist the temptation of carrying the anti-establishment message well into the end and his harsh characterizations are strong to British sensibilities. His players must leave a lot to be desired - too many of them seem to believe that shouting can substitute for acting, and Romero's usual token black guy (a nod to Val Lewton and co!) has the same eccentric Mark Taper accent of all time. And though the **SPY** are wonderful, I would question that a man with his head pulled off could continue to cry for help - much laughter-inducing was fun in **EL-AMRITH** but clash with the realism Romero is striving for here.

Romero is reportedly about to helm **PANAMA**'s WAR OF THE WORLDS remake. This seems not only an aesthetically pointless undertaking (indeed, **DAY OF THE DEAD** looked all the better for being it straight after **THE GODPATER**'s godfather **INDIGNOS FROM HABS**) but also condescending to his (jealously-guarded) independent status.

Probably the real motivation is to help finance his long-awaited adaptation of **THE STAMP** by his old man Stephen King (their friendship signalled by Bob being given **SANDY**'s LOT to read). Now that will be interesting - and timely. **DAY OF THE DEAD** recalls **THE CHANGING**, an incoherent Romero, but it's about time he stood himself a bit - King's epic version of the apocalypse is just what the mad doctor ordered.



LIBRARIES FROM HABS

Tom Hooper's place in The Horror Hall of Fame is guaranteed with **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**, but in recent years he's carved himself another niche in our hearts. Master of The Inevitable Comedy Classic, **INDIGNOS FROM HABS** surprises by opening with an adorable shot, a sprawling love scene that promises a remake as visually intriguing as **WILKIE KIDNAP** (1953) original (overrated exclusively in **SANDY** issue one). Unfortunately the film quickly settles into a routine, inferior re-told, with only the occasional chuckle to be had at the performance of Karen Black and real-life son Hunter Carson (these guys like to keep bad acting in the family), both of whom appear to be untroubled through ill-fitting false teeth.

Louise Fletcher, believe it or not, is so better as the alchemist school mare - how far the lower neck-slashing actress has fallen! Never fear, judicious use of the East-Asian button helps us to the point where the military are called in, and from here onwards Hooper's occasional inability to cope with a large crew and cast guarantees a laugh-out of **LIFEPIECE** proportions. Sure Lou Butler's Marlene under-ground HQ is pretty witty, and Stan Visser's Marlene bench in a memorable little alien-hug, but the other aliens are more pointless here than **WATSON-OF-THE-ART**. The alien human **Calisto** ending is curiously reminiscent of the one to Lucie Fulci's **CITY OF THE LIVING DEAD**, and every bit as hum-dum.



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